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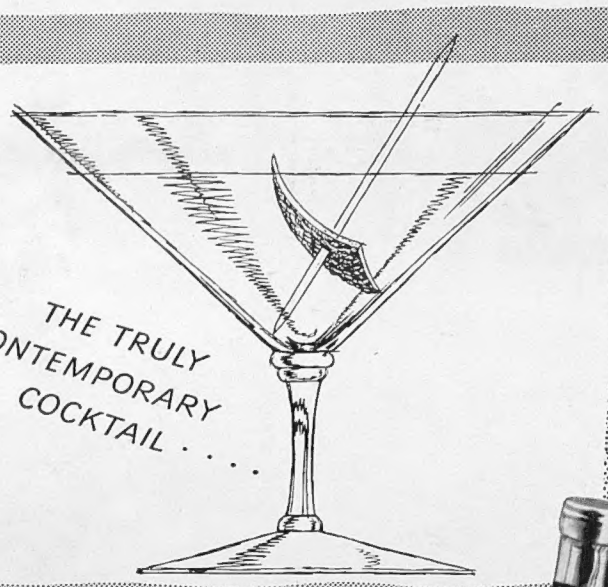

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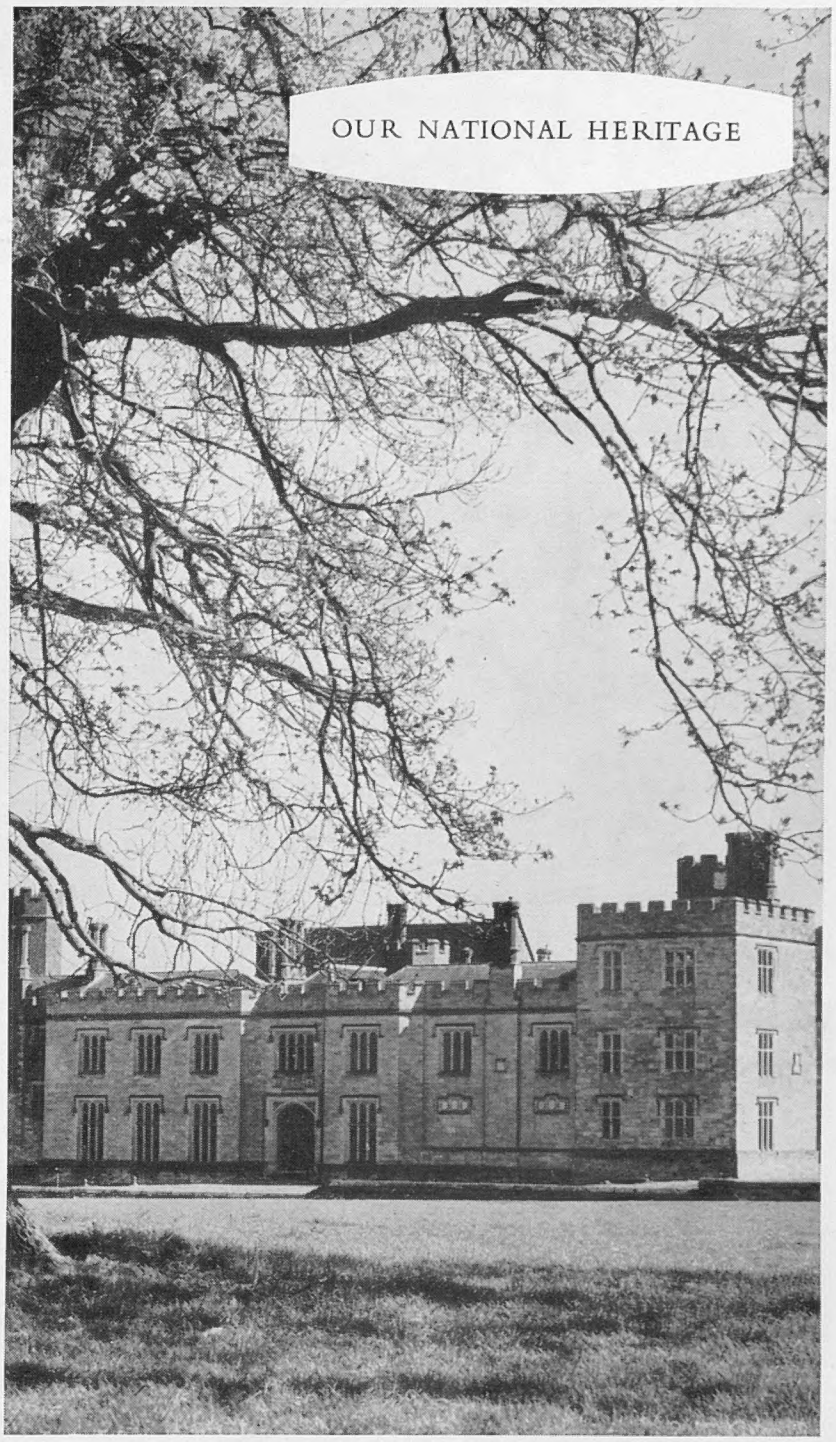

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3040

The SPHERE, London, July 5, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE PRIME MINISTER IN PARIS — MR. MACMILLAN AND GENERAL DE GAULLE AT ORLY AIRPORT: Behind them are Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (left), Sir Gladwyn Jebb (centre), the British Ambassador to France, and M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister. The British Ministers had just arrived for their twenty-two hours' stay in the French capital, Mr. Macmillan being the first head of a foreign Government to visit General de Gaulle since the latter became Prime Minister of France.

When Mr. Macmillan alighted from his aircraft in Paris last Sunday afternoon he made a brief statement in French. He said that he wanted to renew with the French Prime Minister the ties of personal friendship formed during the war. "Strong in my position as a faithful friend of France all my life," he continued, "permit me to express the desire that mutual understanding between our two countries will be in the future, as in the past, our common strength." This spirit seems to have animated the talks, which took place in an atmosphere of friendly informality. On Sunday, after a dinner given by General de Gaulle for his visitors, the conversations went on until late into the night. On Monday morning, the two Prime Ministers met alone while Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and M. Couve de Murville had a separate discussion. Then all four met again at midday. The British Ministers returned to London in the afternoon. It was understood that a wide variety of topics, among them being the approach to the Summit, the Middle East and European Free Trade, were discussed in Paris and that "concrete conclusions" rather than definite decisions were reached.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

THE ENCÆNIA AT OXFORD: Mr. Macmillan and Lord Beveridge walk in procession after the conferment of honorary doctorates on them last week. Mr. Gaitskell also received the D.C.L. and it was the first time that both a Prime Minister and a Leader of the Opposition had been honoured together at an Encænia. Mr. Macmillan had not been able to attend previously to receive his degree. In the course of his presentation speeches the Public Orator, Mr. T. F. Higham, who was making his last appearance at an Encænia, spoke of the schizophrenic nature of the task of commending all three political parties. Other recipients of the D.C.L. were Sir Alan Herbert and Sir Owen Dixon, Chief Justice of Australia. Doctorates of Music were conferred on M. François Poulenc and Dr. Dmitry Shostakovich and the Doctorate of Science on Professor A. W. K. Tiselius, of Uppsala, Sweden.

On right—

A UNIQUE ACADEMIC OCCASION: In their doctor's robes Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition stand outside the Sheldonian Theatre after the Encænia at Oxford.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Hungarian Murders.—I delayed a note on the murder of Mr. Nagy and the others, in the hope that some statement from the Hungarian Government would alleviate the first reactions of horror and disgust. The statement, when it came, was no more than a cool confirmation of the worst suspicions. The date of the " trial " was not mentioned. It was held in secret for " state security " reasons, and lasted twelve days. The accused were allowed to choose their counsel and to petition for clemency after conviction. Conviction on new evidence ? No word was said of new evidence against men held for months in prison. It is back to Stalinism at its foullest, and the natural assumption was that Khrushchev, in his non-stop juggernaut course, needed to administer a sharp reminder to his competitors for supremacy, or his more reluctant fellow-travellers, that his claws were still sharp and red. It may be that a new purge in the Kremlin will follow. At the moment the Central Committee of the Communist Party has sprung a surprise—an internal act of liberalisation, quite foreign to Stalinism. Russian economy badly needed such a gesture, and no one doubts Khrushchev's shrewdness. But his liberalism does not extend to the Satellites. There he remains Stalin with knobs on, and all and more of Stalin's stupidity seems to be reflected in Khrushchev by the reactions of Poland and Yugoslavia. Gomulka's rumoured strong disapproval of Mr. Nagy's murder, was not substantiated in his speech at Goansk last Saturday. But, one may pertinently ask, was he expressing the real feelings of the Polish people ? The Western Alliance has received another jolt to its hopes in its painful struggle to the Summit Conference, and I am afraid many a worthy man has been made to look remarkably foolish if his views and advice over the past months on more trustful relations with the Kremlin are remembered. Where do we go from here ? The path to the summit never looked more impossible to climb, but I doubt whether one more proof of Khrushchev's true character really introduces a new road-block.

The Cyprus Plan.—Nothing in recent days became Mr. Gaitskell more than his appeal in the House, after the plan was disclosed, for restraint and calm reflection. His more unruly followers must see as clearly as he that this plan—though it contains the elements of many earlier plans which have been rejected—is *new* (and worth study), above all in the fact that the situation is changed. It is no longer a purely British plan. A dozen nations deeply concerned with that explosive area have given it their anxious and wholehearted support and have urged the Governments and peoples of Greece and Turkey to examine it calmly. For some years at least neither Enosis nor partition are possible alternatives. Moreover, there is no further room for doubt that a large majority of Cypriots to-day pray for peace at almost any price, and neither Enosis nor partition could avert a still more fearful tragedy for the islanders. The plan invites the extremists on both sides to surrender the impossible and to experiment with the possible. If the experiment were even partially and temporarily successful, the larger promise, after an experimental period, must loom more hopeful. The world we live in is bedevilled by vocal minorities. That is as true and as deplorable in our industrial relations at home as in the field of international politics. Majorities suffer because they have no voice, put forth no leaders to organise and galvanise them into the action of moral suasion. The majority of Cypriots, longing for peace in which to pursue their lawful occasions, are the scorched battleground of organised minorities, and we at home are not less patient asses, starved and burdened by the clamant and organised sections of our society. If the Governments at Ankara and Athens fail to accept the plan (as already in its present form they have) as worth a trial and the situation as distinctly changed, there is little hope of the leaders of the island partisans doing so. But while discussions go on, the best hope lies in restraint by every one who by tongue or pen feels called on to underline its dangers or difficulties.

All Faces Saved.—When the London buses began to run again, all concerned in the strike of seven weeks congratulated themselves that the settlement was a victory for common sense. All had saved their faces. The strikers are assured of an increase in pay not only for the central Londoners who were awarded it by the Industrial Court two months ago, but for the country busmen who were not, and all were promised, in due course, wage scales comparable with those in similar industries. Surely a victory for the strikers ? The Transport authority congratulate themselves on having stood firm for the sanctity of arbitration awards, which in sombre fact they sacrificed three weeks ago when they conceded to the T.U.C. leaders an undefined intention to better that award. The authority can argue, as a face-saver, that even an arbitration award has only a very temporary ceiling: conditions change quickly, living costs have a habit of rising even when officially described as pegged, or other comparable workers receive a wage boost. A victory for the authority ? And the Government congratulates itself on standing firm and aloof in holding the scales and discouraging increases in wages in advance of increase in productivity or efficient economy. All these victories are thin, the strikers perhaps least so. The real victory, if such it can be called, was the wise decision of the T.U.C. not to support Mr. Cousins by entering on a head-on clash with the Government, as in 1926. In this " victory for common sense," few of the protagonists spared a thought for the dead and wounded on the stricken field. The public foots the bill, as ever. The increases conceded and promised are not to be met from increased productivity or increased efficiency. They may or may not at present come out of increased fares; but the victories have been won by public inconvenience and will be paid for in the long run out of our pockets. Now and ever, the dumb and patient ass—the poor old B.P.—pays for the fun and games of the organised gladiators —and a very expensive game it was, even for those who played it.

Schedule A.—The confident rumour that the Chancellor may be toying with the idea of scrapping Schedule A may prove but wishful thinking. If it prove true, it will certainly be a vote-winner. Of all the " forms " requiring the attention of tax-payers, this is the most troublesome and irritating. And when I have listened to Tory Ministers propounding a " house-owning democracy," I have often wondered why they have not removed this bauble which makes a total nonsense of their ideal. We save to buy our house, not always very comfortable or up-to-date. We may get some relief from the tax on ownership, if we replace a tile or mend a dripping tap, but if we should venture on an improvement, a new type of draining-board, a built-in cupboard, not only do we get no relief but we let ourselves in for a higher assessment. Not only must we preserve the little bills for repairs, but we must once a year go through them with a fine-tooth comb to eliminate any item which may smell of " improvement " and not be patent leak-plugging. A " property-owning democracy " and Schedule A have long been ludicrously

AN ANNUAL MIDSUMMER CEREMONY IN THE CITY Mr. J. E. E. Cook (right) acknowledge their election to take office at Michaelmas. Presiding at the ceremony Mr. Edward F. Iwi, a liveryman of the Paviours' Company right to have its mace borne erect in the presence

ill bed-fellows. To abolish Schedule A would not only relieve you and me among private property-owning democrats. It would much more importantly relieve hotels, shops, factories and nationalised industries. The cost of abolition is said to be £100,000,000 in a year, equal to a cut of 5d. on income tax. Of the two reliefs I would plump for abolition of Schedule A and for the party that abolishes it.

Down With Downing Street ?—No. 10, Downing Street and its neighbours, 11 and 12, look solid enough, solider indeed, than many of their temporary tenants. It comes as a surprise to learn that these houses to-day are built upon the sands. The foundations have sunk, the floors must be propped up for big parties and even full Cabinets settle the nation's affairs at some risk to life or limb. And " nothing works." The walls sag, the lift sticks and no one answers the bell. The cleanest job would be to pull them down and to erect a " modern " substitute, presumably of glass and steel. Alternatively, to demolish and re-erect an exact copy. These proposals were rejected. One would shock, the other cost too much. The accepted proposal is to spend £400,000 on major structural and internal repairs, leaving the shells as they have come down to us, much altered and not always for the better, since the days of George Downing, the speculative builder of the 1680's. I expect Lord Crawford's committee have chosen wisely. A modern secondary school-type of architecture might provide greater comfort for Premiers, Chancellors, their staffs and families, but the old-world, dingy dignity of Whitehall, Downing Street and the Horse Guards would suffer eclipse and foreign visitors would buy less uplift and romance if the ghosts of Sir Robert Walpole and his successors were exorcised from Downing Street. After all, since Walpole's time we 've muddled through under Downing's roof-line and are still on the map. So why not continue to exhibit these museum pieces in the settings which still draw tourists ?

" No. 1104, Woodstock Road."—I had heard long ago of the sinister proposal that all houses with names must abandon them in favour of street or road numbers " to help the postman." There are, of course, as many " Chatsworths " and " Blenheims " in suburban streets and roads as there are " Cosy Nests " and " Down Views," and if " numbering " should become universal, those " Chatsworths " must logically suffer with the " Cosy Nests," for they are merely more pretentious labels. But when it comes to old manor-houses and such, where will it end ? A new shot in the subtopian campaign has been fired by the Worcestershire R.D.C. of Upton-on-Severn. Every house must affix a number on penalty of a fine. Whether the Post Office is hand-in-glove with the council in this order for the relief of its staff and believes that the council's fines will do the job better than its own threat of delayed deliveries, I do not know. I did not realise that R.D.C. and P.O. are one and indivisible in such matters. But logically there can be no end and no exceptions. If every house in Woodstock must be " numbered," it would be mere snobbery to exclude Blenheim, and similarly Chatsworth if the order reaches Derbyshire, and Hatfield if Hertfordshire catches the infection. It is almost certain that the local postman knows the way to Blenheim, Chatsworth and Hatfield without the aid of a road number, but the whole basis of subtopian legislation is levelling down to equality, and to except the surviving show-houses and palaces would be mere pandering to class-consciousness. Buckingham Palace must be numbered with the rest. The Monarchy is the servant of democracy.

ONDON : In Guildhall, Mr. R. E. Perring (standing, left) and heriffs of the City at the Midsummer Common Hall. They as the Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott. During the meeting gain put forward the claim that the City of London has the he Sovereign. He made a similar assertion last year.

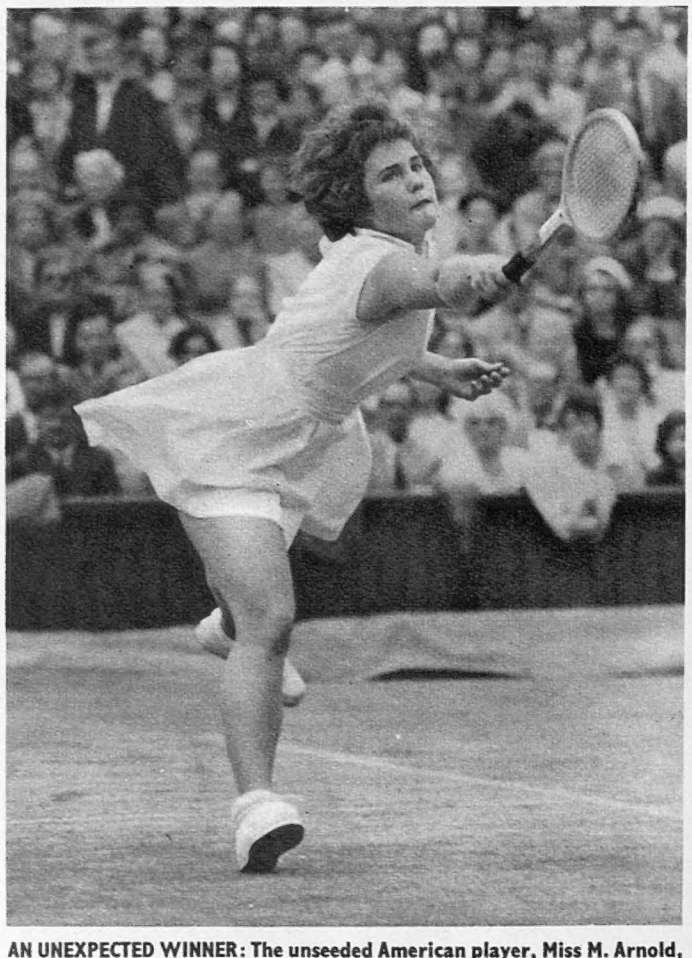
CELEBRATING ST. JOHN'S DAY AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD : Members of the Sovereign Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem and of Malta walk in procession behind the standard-bearer from the chapel of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in North-West London. They had attended the annual service on St. John the Baptist's Day.

Little Rock and Big Rollers ?—It sometimes happens in Britain that a decision of a High Court judge upsets an apple-cart in Whitehall. It may be that Mr. Bloodsucker suddenly finds " all hope of his gains " gone in some taxable field or a hole is punched in the side of some new Act of Parliament. And (if the decision on the whole favours the citizen) we once more praise the glorious impartiality and independence of British justice. We are too little informed of the great institutions of the U.S.A. to praise or blame with confidence the decision of Federal Judge Lemley which sent Arkansas Negro leaders hot-foot to the President. Perhaps they exaggerated the terrible and immediate consequences of this deferment of anti-segregation laws at Little Rock, but they probably gave the President a headache. My own headache is due to ignorance. Why Little Rock ? Is this " one-horse burgh " the only pebble on the beach ? It reminds me of " Braintree, Bocking and the future of England." And to disentangle and straighten out the functions of the Federal Courts of Appeal, the Supreme Court, the local Appeal Courts, and so on, would take me longer than it would take a litigant to secure a definitive ruling from the U.S. Supreme Court on a matter first heard at the humblest local court . . . in point of fact, a lifetime.

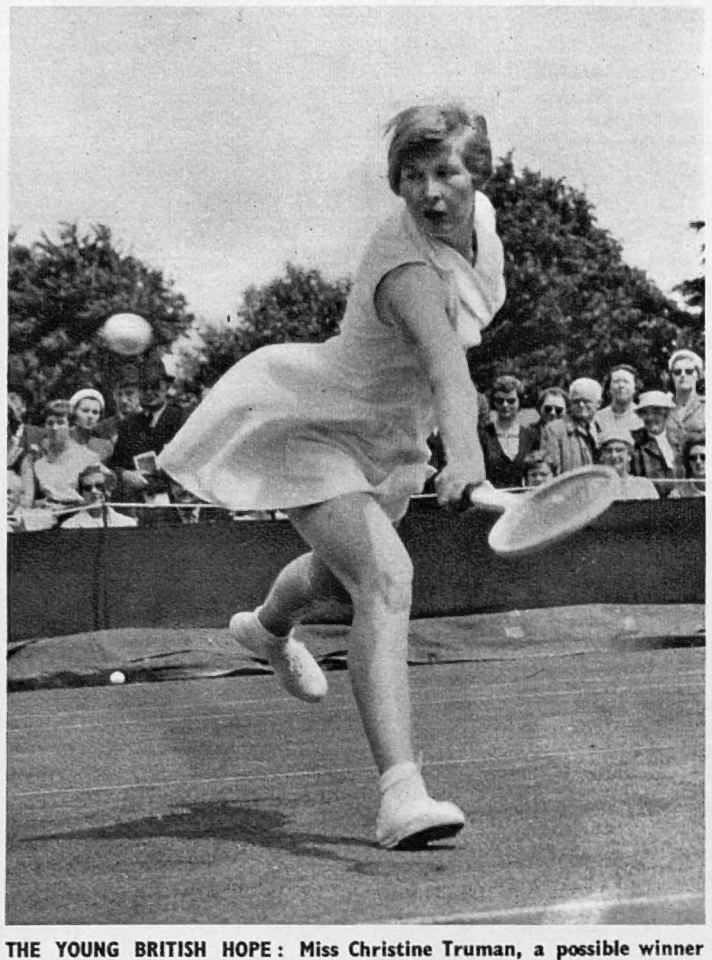
" Icumen in " ?—And now it is July and still my summer underwear, flannel suits and cotton coat remain where they were stored away in August 1956. Still, as in March, the winter garments of repentance are my only wear. Complaining of this sombre fact last week, a philosophic friend chid me and invited me to count our blessings. Have you forgotten (she said) that last year we had a June of cloudless skies and summer heat ? No, I have not forgotten, and I am quite ready to believe that old men's memories of youthful summertimes are sundial memories which record only sunny hours. But when Heaven created the seasons, did it design so uneven a distribution and intend that humanity must be content with a summer season of four weeks at most every other year ? It is not only in poor old England nowadays that the foreigner's jibe that summer consists in " three fine days and a thunderstorm " obtains. I cannot imagine how the purveyors of summer wear and the furnishers of summer recreations can keep their doors open. How many of the latest swimming-pools have yet been the scene of baptisms ? Who has had tea under the new umbrella ? Who owns the heart of triple brass needed to watch or play cricket unless he must. But I dare say market-gardeners and grass farmers and ducks are happy.

Too Old at Ninety ?—There is comfort for the aged who dislike the idea of retirement and the chimney corner. It comes (via Sir Philip Gibbs) from Edinburgh, where a lady in her 101st year has just completed her first novel. Nonagenarians will throw off diffidence with the news, octogenarians will settle down for a serious course of preparatory study for a *magnum opus*, and mere boys in their seventies will make plans for a career. We have the examples of Titian, who did some of his noblest work in his nineties, and of Verdi in his late eighties. To which I would add my own father, who perfected his German and Italian and published his first book after reaching ninety, of A. Vickers, R.A., who never got nearer to Constable than when approaching eighty, and of William de Morgan who " commenced author " in his seventies with a success which had eluded his pottery and inventions. For myself, it is clearly high time that I began to imitate Mr. Bultitude of *Vice Versa* and laid the foundations of primary education, with special attention to spelling and English grammar and geography.

THE OLD STAGER



AN UNEXPECTED WINNER: The unseeded American player, Miss M. Arnold, races for a backhand during her match against the Number 2 seed, Miss Christine Truman. Miss Arnold won the match 10—8, 6—3.



THE YOUNG BRITISH HOPE: Miss Christine Truman, a possible winner of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon before losing to Miss Arnold, reaches for a backhand during her match with Mrs. J. L. Deloford.

THRILLS ON THE COURT

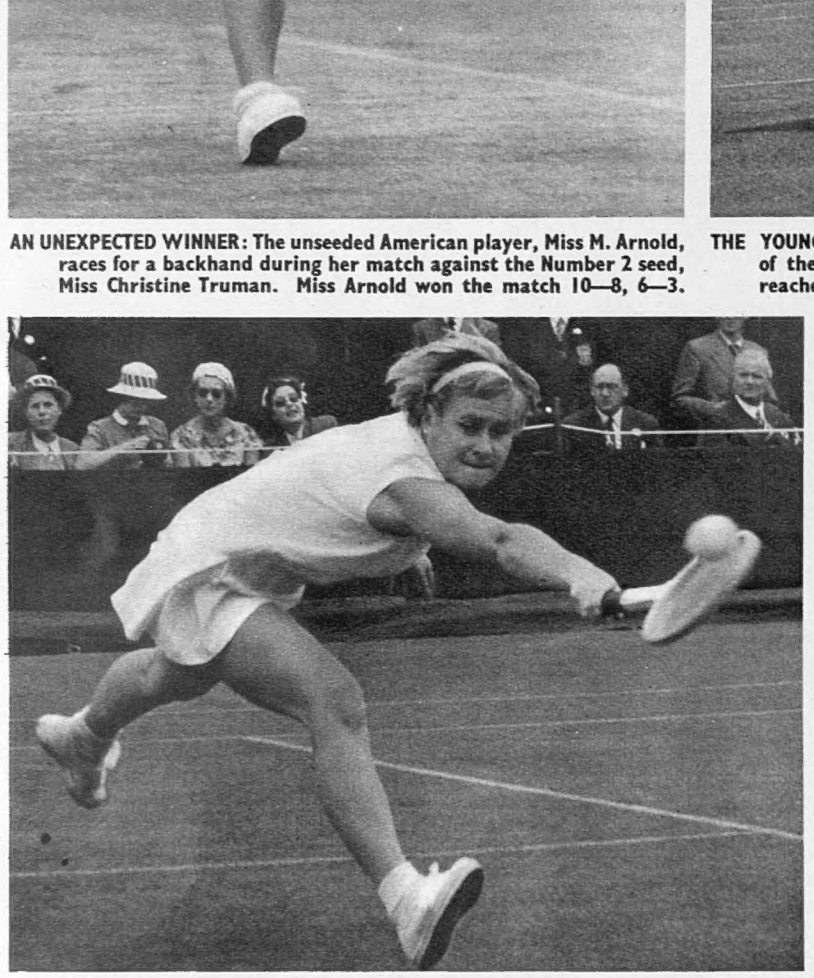
Leading Tennis Players in Action at Wimbledon

Dominating the tennis at Wimbledon was the weather. During the first week rain fell sometimes with vehemence and sometimes in a more moderate but none the less miserable way on each day until Saturday. In order to give greater elasticity to a schedule which fell further and further behind, the matches were played on a "play when you can" system. It is the first time this has been done at Wimbledon. To play the maximum number of games, unscheduled matches were played on the outer courts wherever possible, according to the availability of players.

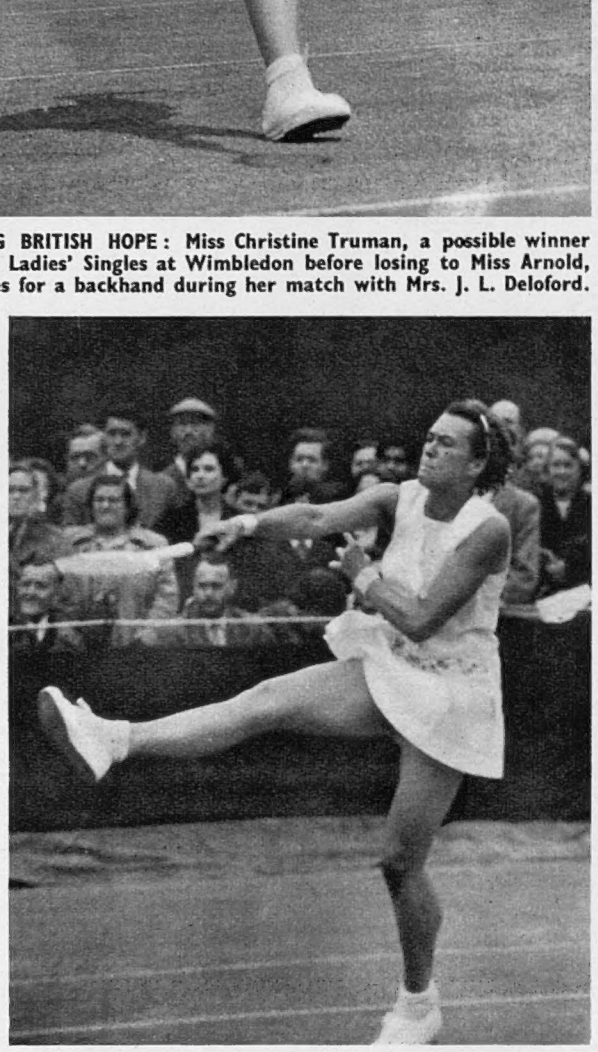
Although this year the championships appeared more open than in previous years—there being nobody of the stature of a Hoad—Australians Cooper, Rose, Anderson and Fraser again dominated the men's singles and Americans the ladies' singles. There were few early surprises. The first men's seed to go out was Luis Ayala, of Chile. He was unfortunate to come up against the Italian Nicola Pietrangeli in the third round when the latter was on top of his game and producing a stream of unreturnable winners.

Much of the interest was provided by the veterans, led by that amazing player Jean Borotra, over sixty and still showing some of the skill that earned him the title of the Bounding Basque. Drobny and his old opponent, B. Patty from the States, both reached the later stages, playing with easy skill against vastly less experienced opponents.

In the ladies' singles Miss Althea Gibson strode commandingly forward, accompanied by Miss Bueno and Miss Bloomer.

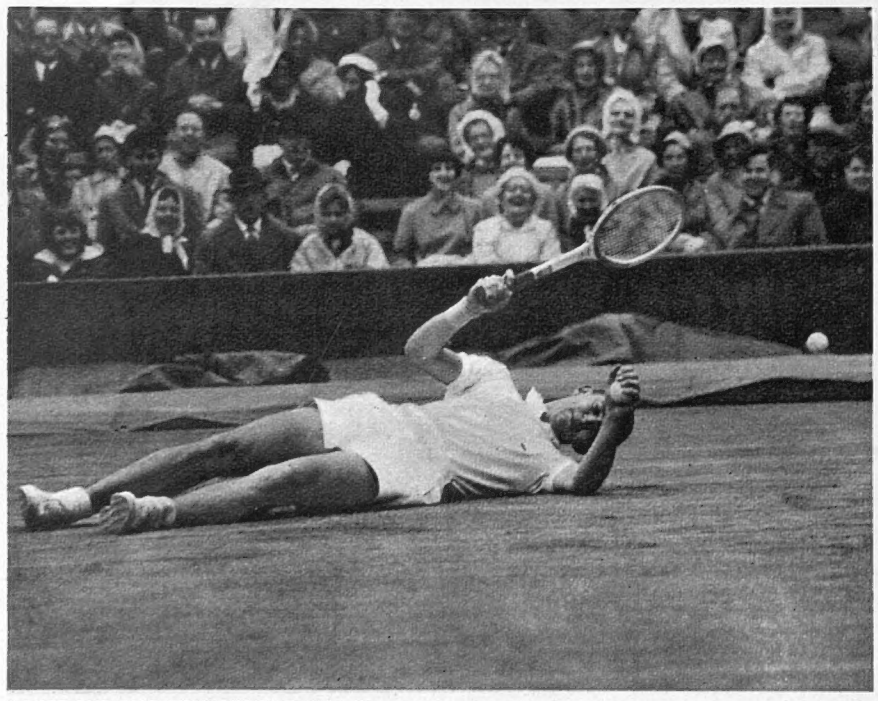


WITH GREAT DETERMINATION: Britain's remaining hope of winning the Ladies' Singles, Miss Shirley Bloomer, gets to a backhand. She beat in this match Miss A. Guri, of Spain, and had an easy passage to the fifth round, beating Miss Carr.

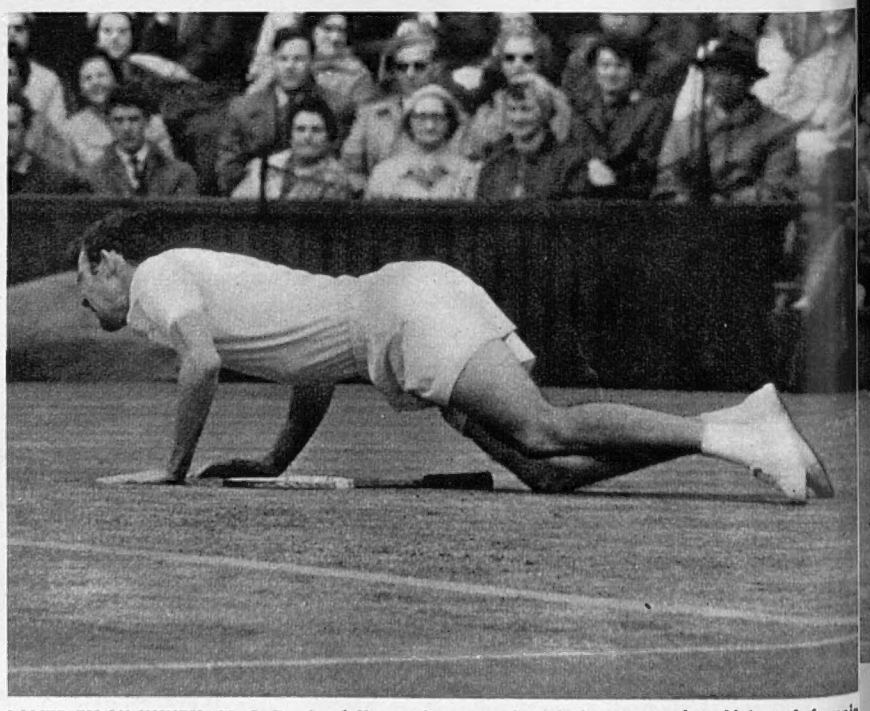


On left—

THE CONQUEROR OF A SEEDED PLAYER: Miss Pat Ward concentrates on a smash in the third round singles in which she beat the seeded American player, Miss A. K. Fageros, of the United States. In a long struggle on one of the outside courts, Miss Ward eventually got home 2—6, 6—4, 6—4.

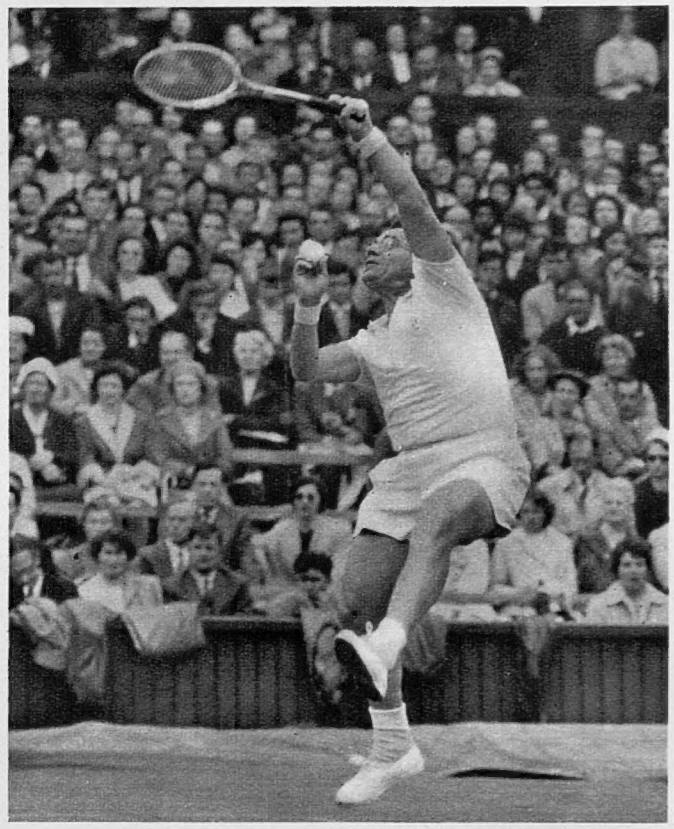


A WET AND SLIPPERY WIMBLEDON: Flat on the ground after slipping on the grass is Barry Mackay, the only seeded American player in this year's championships. In a long, evenly matched struggle with Australian R. Mark, he won 4—6, 10—8, 6—4, 6—4.

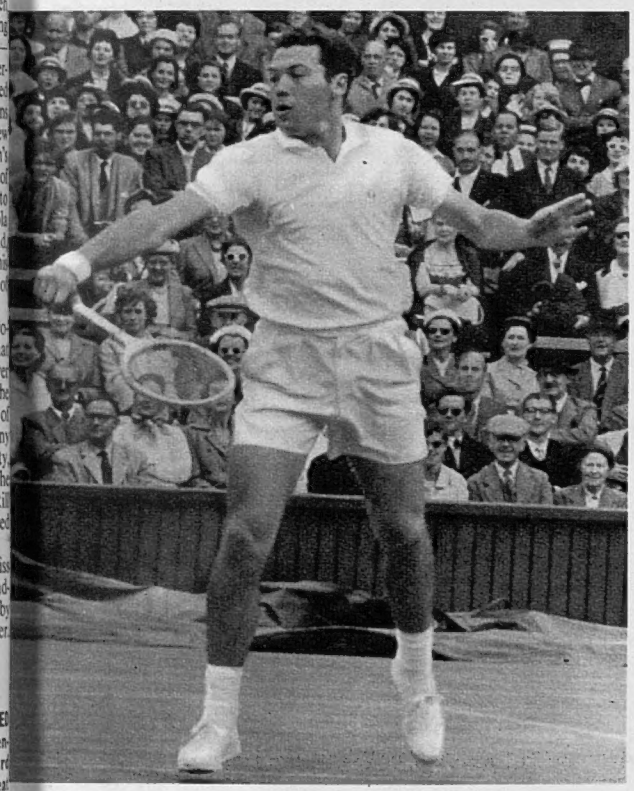


LAMED BY AN INJURY: M. G. Davies falls on the ground, twisting a muscle. Although in pain he continued his match against J. Brichant. Davies picked up after being two sets down but, lamed by his injury, was unable to make a fight of the fifth set and lost.

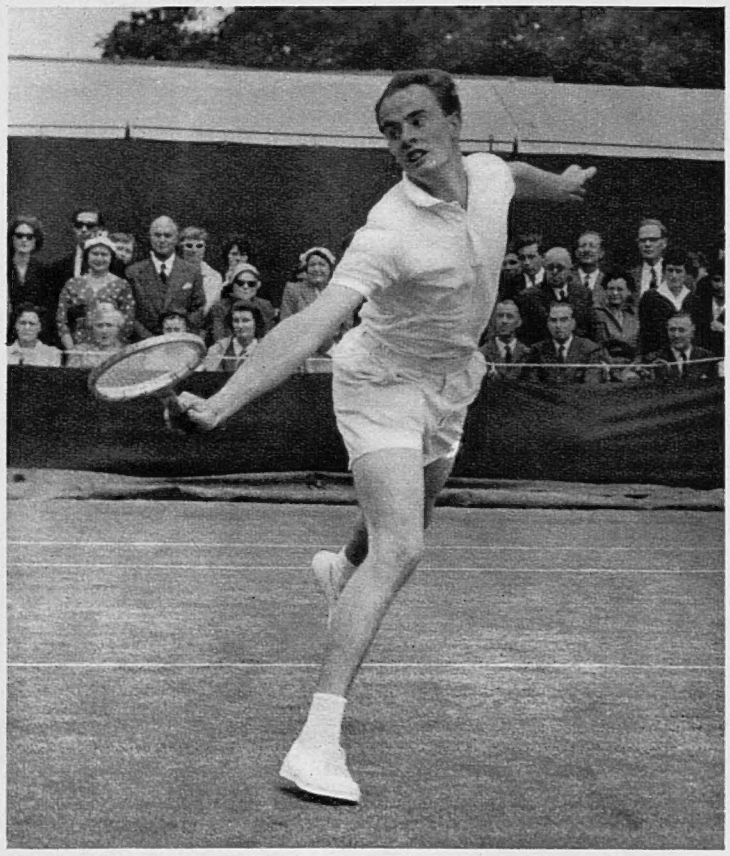
AN AGELESS WONDER: Jean Borotra, the sixty-year-old Bounding Basque, enjoys his doubles match. By thirty years the oldest man on the court, he steered his match with partner J. Mey in the fifth set, and was placing the ball beautifully after 2½ hours. In the end they lost the first-round match to R. Garrido and J. Peten.



UNSEEDED THIS YEAR: J. Drobny, still a Wimbledon favourite, stretches for a high shot in his match against the Australian player R. Laver. With assurance and much of his familiar left-handed skill, he beat the young Australian in straight sets, 6—1, 6—1, 6—4 in the third round. The other old campaigners at Wimbledon, G. Mulloy and B. Patty, accompanied him into the later stages of the tournaments.

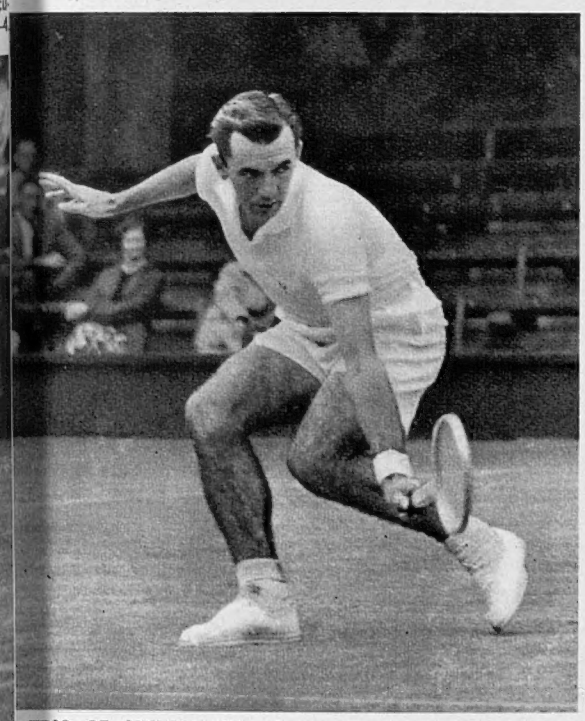


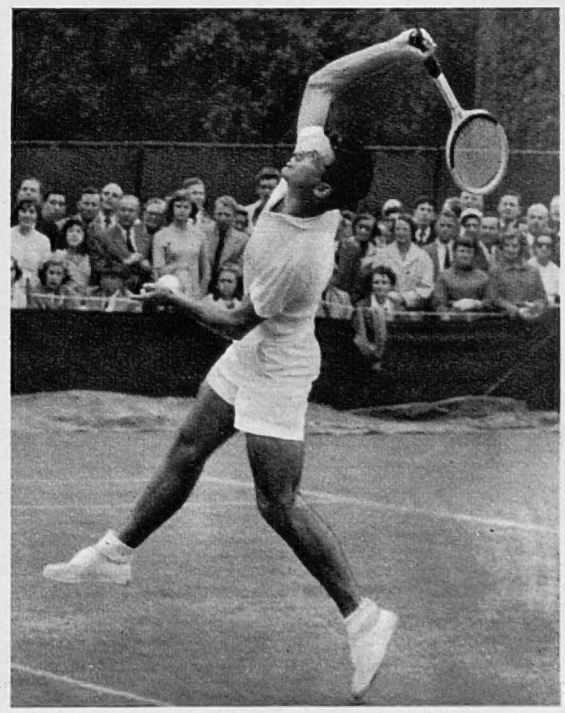
A BRILLIANT ITALIAN: N. Pietrangeli beats the fifth seed, L. Ayala, in straight sets, 6—4, 6—4, 6—3. Ayala was the first seeded player to lose, the Italian playing on top of his form.

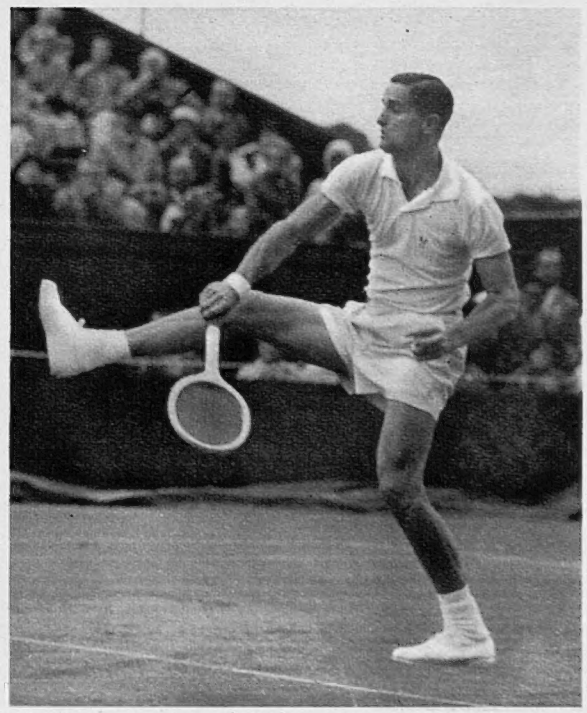


On left—

PLAYING WITH A FINE TOUCH: R. B. Wilson, the only British player to reach the fourth round, beats his fellow-countryman, M. P. Hann, 8—6, 6—4, 6—0. The other favoured British players, M. G. Davies, W. Knight and R. Becker, all lost disappointingly in early rounds of the championship. Wilson, a player who is thought capable of reaching great heights, did not play convincingly in his match against Hann and was often passed at the net. In the next round he defeated Nicola Pietrangeli in three straight sets to enter the quarter finals.







TRIO OF AUSTRALIANS: As seems now usual at Wimbledon, the men's singles are dominated by players from Australia, especially as this year the United States, their great rival, could produce only one seeded player. *On left*—M. G. Rose, who always appears capable of beating anybody in the championship, plays a low backhand in his match against R. W. Barnes, of Brazil, whom he beat 6—3, 9—7, 6—4. *Centre*—The top seeded player, Ashley Cooper, smashes. He beat the Danish player J. Ulrich in the third round, dropping one set, 9—7, 6—2, 3—6, 6—3. *On right*—Mal Anderson is seen in play against the Spaniard A. Gimeno, whom he beat in straight sets.

THE START OF A TWELVE-DAY TOUR OF THE EAST COAST AND SCOTLAND: Sheltering from the rain, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, stands with civic officials in Lincoln before setting out on her tour of the city. The Royal visitors had arrived in the Royal train from London and had arranged to visit a number of towns on the East Coast before travelling on to Scotland. They also travelled in the Royal yacht *Britannia* to Holy Island, off the Northumberland coast. On arrival at Lincoln, the Queen received from the Mayor, Councillor L. H. Priestley, the King Richard II sword which Her Majesty returned. A little later the Queen unveiled a commemorative plaque as she opened the new Pelham Bridge. This has been built to eliminate congestion caused in the city by hold-ups at several level-crossings. The new bridge crosses two main lines of British Railways.

AT SCUNTHORPE: The Queen plants a tree in Queen's Gardens in the Lincolnshire town. Her Majesty also opened a model traffic area for the children of Scunthorpe.

ROYAL JOURNEY

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Visit the East Coast During Their Tour

On right—

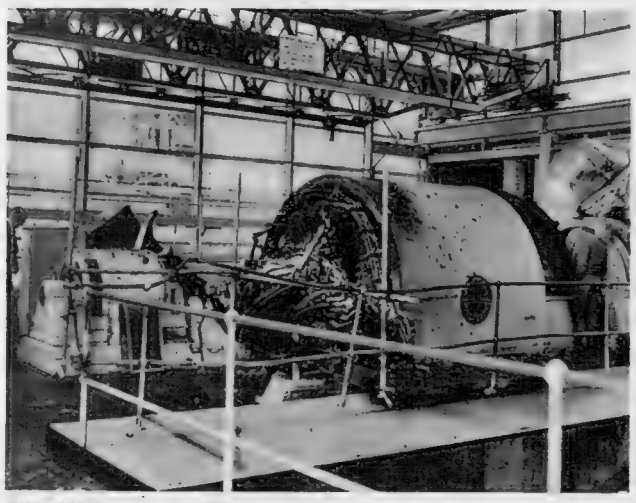
WELCOME TO HOLY ISLAND: Crowds line the shore as the Royal barge from *Britannia* approaches the landing-stage on Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, off the north-east coast of Northumberland. Many people had travelled across from the mainland to join the local inhabitants in welcoming the Queen and the Duke. The Royal visitors attended morning service at St. Mary's Church, and later toured the ruins of Lindisfarne Priory. Holy Island is one of the earliest strongholds of Christianity in Britain, St. Aidan, a monk from Iona, having founded a monastery there in 635. At low tide it is possible to walk across the sands from the mainland to the island.

IN GRIMSBY AND LINCOLN: *Left*—The Queen smiles as she walks past a guard of honour formed by Boy Scouts, after opening the new King George V playing field in Grimsby. At the West Market of the Fish Docks the Royal visitors saw a representative exhibition of the Grimsby fish industry. *Right*—Sheltering from the rain again, the Queen opens Lincoln's Pelham Bridge. The Queen and the Duke also visited the Cathedral, where Her Majesty unveiled a window in the Airman's Chapel.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: She is being greeted by Lord Herbert, the Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire, on her arrival for the Service of Thanksgiving to commemorate the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the Cathedral. Behind, on the steps, is the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, who took part in the service.

AFTER THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY SERVICE: The Queen Mother comes out of the West Door of Salisbury Cathedral. With her is the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. W. L. Anderson. On the right is the Dean, Bishop Moberly. Behind Dr. Anderson, from the right, are the Precentor, Canon C. Jackson; the Chancellor, Canon E. W. Heaton; and the Treasurer, Canon R. S. Dawson. More than sixty bishops who are in Britain for the Lambeth Conference and some 3,000 clergy and parishioners from all parts of the diocese attended the service, which was relayed to a large crowd gathered in the Close. The sermon was preached by Dr. J. W. C. Wand, formerly Bishop of London, who was appointed a Priest-Vicar of the Cathedral in 1914 and was later Vicar of St. Mark's, Salisbury, and also Lecturer and Tutor at the Theological College of Sarum.



EXPLOSION AT CALDER HALL: The picture shows the extensive damage to the turbine which overheated and caught fire while undergoing tests in the Calder Hall "B" Atomic Power Station in Cumberland last week-end. The explosion blew a hole in the roof of the turbine hall, but no one was injured. Officials declared that the nuclear reactor was not affected.

On left—

THE FORCE OF THE BLAST: A round turbine component (in right foreground) lies below the fence over which it was blown by the force of the explosion in the turbine hall (the white, square building behind) at Calder Hall. The blast sent a shower of metal through the building, causing extensive damage to other installations and putting a £2,000,000 electricity generating unit out of action for the time being.

THE MIDSUMMER FLOODS IN BRITAIN: Vehicles make their way through deep water on the Hockley to Chelmsford road near Battlesbridge, in Essex. Torrential rain and swollen rivers caused extensive flooding over wide areas of Britain at the end of last month. Road and rail services were disorganised and in some places the rainfall in a single twelve hours was greater than the average for the whole of June.

A "CANAL" IN EAST ANGLIA: Water flows along the High Street at Haverhill, in Suffolk, a London "overspill" town. The River Stour had burst its banks. In some streets the inundation was 6 ft. deep and cars were submerged in garages. Many families were forced to take refuge in the upper storeys of their homes and forty people had to be evacuated from their dwellings. Floods stretched far outside the town.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ESCAPE TO FREEDOM IN THE SHETLANDS : The Russian trawler *Tunec* lies in Lerwick Harbour. She was one of the three Soviet vessels which had put in so that the captains could go ashore and request the return of a member of the fishing fleet who had landed and asked for political asylum. The fugitive, Erich Teayn, said to be an Estonian, had got away in a small boat from his vessel, the *Ukraina*, and beached at Footborough, near Walls. He was hotly pursued by a party of about thirty seamen from the fleet. They landed and chased him, but he escaped by hiding in a crofter's cottage. Later, when the captains appeared in Lerwick they were told that the matter had been referred to the Home Office in London and that they could not see Teayn. Last Saturday the Foreign Office sent a strong protest to the Soviet Government regarding the conduct of the Russian seamen in landing and chasing the fugitive from their fleet.

BRITISH DIPLOMAT EXPELLED FROM PRAGUE: The picture was issued by the Czech Embassy in London last week, and was allegedly taken by a Czechoslovak Frontier Guard on the Czech-West German border last April. Sitting in the front of the car is said to be Mr. Eric Bedford, at that time a Visa Examiner in the British Embassy in Prague. According to the Czechoslovak authorities, he was attempting to smuggle out of the country a Czech involved in espionage. The Foreign Office in London, however, while not denying that Mr. Bedford did agree, without the knowledge of his superiors, to attempt to smuggle the man out, alleges that he was a victim of a "frame up." Although the Czechs expelled Mr. Bedford immediately, no mention was made then of his being engaged in intelligence work. Significance is attached to the fact that the Czechs only chose to publish the spy story last week, after their military attaché in London had been named in an Official Secrets case.

On right—

RIVAL TO "SCEPTRE"? *Easterner* is prepared for launching at Marblehead, in Massachusetts. She is one of four American yachts shortly to compete in trials to decide which shall defend against the challenge by Britain's *Sceptre* for the America's Cup this year. The other possibles are *Weatherly*, *Columbia* and *Vim*.

PRELUDE TO A GENERAL ELECTION IN CENTRAL AFRICA: Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, arrives at the Parliament Building, in Salisbury, Rhodesia, followed by his staff. He was about to open the fifth and last session of the first Federal Assembly, elected in 1953. It is expected the present Assembly will be dissolved before the end of the month so that a General Election can take place.

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERS FOR THE CAUCASUS : Members of the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition are seen in London before starting for Russia. From the left they are : Chris Brasher, the Olympic runner ; Sir John Hunt, the leader ; David Thomas ; Alan Blackshaw ; Derek Bull ; Michael Harris ; Ralph Jones and George Band. After driving across West and East Germany, they reached the Soviet Union at the beginning of this week. It is believed to be the first mountaineering expedition from the West to climb in Russia for nineteen years. The party plans to spend six weeks in the Caucasus range.

A FAMOUS OLD BOY RETURNS TO HIS SCHOOL: Mr. Somerset Maugham talks with the Headmaster, Canon F. J. Shirley, and the Senior Scholar, Alan Robiette, at King's School, Canterbury. The eighty-four-year-old author had returned to his old school to open a new physics laboratory and addressed a large gathering of guests, as well as staff and boys. King's School, Canterbury, is probably the oldest public school in the country.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

VESSELS COLLIDE ON THE EAST RIVER IN NEW YORK: The bows of the oil barge *Empress Bay* stick up out of the oily water of East River with Brooklyn Bridge in the background. Shortly after midnight the vessel collided with the Swedish freighter *Nebraska*; on impact, the *Empress Bay*, which was carrying 280,000 gallons of oil, exploded. Flames spread far over the water.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES: Hose-pipes from a fireboat (second from right) pour water over the sinking *Empress Bay*, wedged under the bows of the Swedish freighter *Nebraska* (left). Originally the *Nebraska*, which was carrying a load of Swedish cars, was called *Kanagoora*-56. It is this name which is lettered on her bows in this picture; presumably, the flames from the oil barge had burnt away the covering paint. The freighter struck the oil barge amidships. An oil slick spread for about 1,000 ft. along the surface of the East River and burst into flames. Fifty members of the crews of the two ships jumped for their lives on to the decks of rescue vessels or into the water. Flames leaping 100 ft. in the air ignited high-tension electric wires under the Manhattan Bridge. This caused the roadway to catch fire.

On right—

ISSUING AN INVITATION TO VISIT ALGERIA: M. André Malraux, Minister of Information in the de Gaulle Government, at his first Press conference in Paris, announces that the French Government had decided to ask the three French winners of literary Nobel prizes—M. François Mauriac, M. Albert Camus and M. Roger Martin du Gard—to form a committee to visit Algeria with Government accreditation. M. Malraux said that there had been no torture in Algeria since General de Gaulle's visit. He also declared that the decisive element of the events in Algeria was the proclamation of equality of rights between Muslims and Europeans, and not the idea of integration. "General de Gaulle," he said, "wants Algeria to be constructed with us and not against us."

On left—

A CROSS FOR THE TOP OF A GERMAN MOUNTAIN: A United States Army helicopter transports a 1½-ton, 20-ft.-high Cross towards the summit of the Saüling. This is a 6,777-ft.-peak in the Alps near Füssen, in Germany. The Cross was erected on top of the mountain by a group of mountaineers who had climbed up to the summit.

FRANCISCANS ATTEND MASS ON THE SITE OF AN OLD FRIARY IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: A Solemn Pontifical Mass is being celebrated in the ruins of Richmond Friary, Yorkshire, during the commemoration of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Grey Friars House in the Old Town of Richmond. It was the first time since the foundation was dissolved by Henry VIII in 1539 that the Grey Friars attended a Mass at the Friary which they founded in the thirteenth century. *On right*—The congregation, who had come from many parts of the north of England, listen to the sermon. The Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Middlesbrough, the Rt. Rev. G. Brunner. The tower is all that remains of the Yorkshire Friary. It is also one of only three Franciscan bell towers which have survived in Great Britain.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PROTESTS AGAINST THE EXECUTION OF NAGY—A CLASH WITH THE POLICE IN NEW YORK: Police have been called to deal with a demonstration organised by Hungarian anti-Communist organisations outside the Soviet Section at the U.N. The skeleton effigy symbolised the execution of the Hungarian patriots.

AN EXPRESSION OF ANTI-SOVIET FEELING: A young Hungarian refugee hurls a piece of rock through a window of the Russian offices in the United Nations Building in New York. Demonstrators bearing placards with such slogans as "Stop the Bloodshed in Hungary" had established pickets near the entrance. Violence began when someone threw a fire-cracker. Placard poles as well as stones and rocks were used to break windows and before order was restored a number of policemen were injured. Seven of the demonstrators were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct and later pleaded guilty before the magistrate, who gave them suspended sentences. While expressing sympathy with their indignation over the executions in Hungary, the magistrate told the accused that law and order must be maintained.

RETALIATION IN MOSCOW: Young Muscovites attack the West German Embassy in the Soviet capital with a variety of missiles, and pools of ink have been formed on the pavement from the bottles which were also thrown. Previously there had been a pro-Nagy demonstration against the Soviet Embassy in Bonn.

AN ATTACK ON THE DANISH EMBASSY IN THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL: Through a shattered window a crowd can be seen gathered outside the building. As was the case with the raid on the West German Embassy, this attack was considered to be a reprisal. In Copenhagen there had been a demonstration at the Soviet Embassy against the Hungarian executions. Both the German and Danish Ambassadors in Moscow visited the Foreign Ministry to protest about the incidents.

AN ORDERLY MARCH BEFORE A BRAWL: In an apparently disciplined formation, men and women move across Red Square in Moscow on their way to demonstrate with stones and bottles against the West German Embassy. Police were reported to have taken twenty minutes to arrive after the outbreak of violence.

"REMEMBER STALINGRAD": Such is the inscription on the placard thrown into the German Embassy. Another demonstration last week in Moscow was against the United States Embassy.

World Affairs

RELATIONS WITH THE RUSSIANS

By JOHN CONNELL

IT is close on thirty years since a British Labour Cabinet decided to resume diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. King George V realised, quickly and sorrowfully enough, that this decision entailed (as his Private Secretary protested to the Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson) "his having to receive Letters of Credence from the Ambassador of a Government which, if it did not connive at, did not disapprove of, the brutal murder of his favourite first cousin; and to receive him with the other Ambassadors at a levée, shake hands with him, and that he should remain in the Presence Chamber looking on at a ceremony which, it is fair to assume, he would regard with contempt."

Progressive persons regarded the King's protest as the reactionary sentimentality of a stubborn old fuddy-duddy. Arthur Henderson, who was a kind and decent fellow but whom a merciful Providence spared the ordeal which he chose to inflict on his Sovereign, sternly reminded the King that the decision was a Cabinet one, and that much as he sympathised with his Majesty "in what must naturally be a painful situation" he feared that it was unavoidable. In March, 1930, the King formally received the new Ambassador, a M. Sokolnikov, who had previously been known as Mr. Brilliant.

The Soviet régime, internally and externally, is steeped in and sustains itself by bloodshed, deceit and treachery. The recent murders, under the thinnest and most cynical of judicial pretexts, of the former Hungarian Premier, Imre Nagy, and the former War Minister, General Maleter, and their colleagues, suddenly and violently flaunted in the face of the world, have been a sharp reminder of the reality behind a façade which is a good deal more elaborately respectable than it was in King George V's day. It was a chilling thought to realise that the talented actress who played Madame Ranevska in the Moscow Arts' production of *The Cherry Orchard*, and bowed her stately gratitude for the frantic applause of the audience at Sadler's Wells, is a member of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet, and must be accounted among those directly responsible for the executive decision leading up to this cold-blooded and arrogant piece of brutality.

THE ATTACK ON THE WEST GERMAN EMBASSY IN MOSCOW: Demonstrators hurl missiles at the building. For two hours Muscovites threw stones, pieces of metal, sticks, bottles of ink and incendiary rags and the glass in all the windows on the front was smashed. This demonstration last week was Moscow's reprisal against the protests outside the Russian Embassy in Bonn concerning the execution of Mr. Nagy and his associates.

It is doubtful whether the members of the fear-haunted and ruthless oligarchy which controls the Soviet Empire have ever fully appreciated the depth and persistence of the West's reaction against their conduct in Hungary. They themselves have always regarded it as an internal police and security affair; those in the West who make a fuss about it can be roughly reminded of Cyprus or Suez or some other piece of imperialist criminality; the score is then all square, and who's for the summit?

As late as the middle of June Mr. Khrushchev was writing yet another of his letters to the British, French and American Governments (a task which he has taken over, with characteristic gusto, since Mr. Bulganin disappeared through the Kremlin's trapdoor); its tone was typical: "We would like to know definitely whether the Governments of the Western Powers have serious intentions with regard to a meeting at the summit and talks, the results of which are awaited by literally the whole of mankind, or whether they want to lull the vigilance of the peoples to create the impression that contacts have been established and talks are being held."

To Mr. Khrushchev who, just as much as Stalin before him, habitually thinks—as he acts—within the framework of arbitrary power, it appears a trivial and irrelevant excuse of the Western Powers if they pause and reflect gravely on the news of the execution of Nagy and his associates. But were he capable of being in the slightest degree responsive to public opinion, he might recognise that the chorus of shocked dismay which greeted this action was not confined to "Cabinet cliques" and "ruling circles" but was loudest among those who have long been regarded as Communism's most enthusiastic and most faithful friends and apologists in the West.

Another little round of resignations among disillusioned members of the Communist Party in Western nations would not trouble Mr. Khrushchev overmuch; these are creatures whom he has never rated very highly. But the soft-centre appeasers have often shown themselves to be valuable allies of the Soviet Union. Their feelings have been outraged—just as King George V's were when he had to shake hands with Mr. Brilliant—to such an extent that they admit that "the new Soviet leadership has now shown that, like Stalin, it will keep agreements only so long as they suit its devious purposes . . . and that the only agreements possible are those which are no more than formal statements of purpose already determined by simple self-interest."

Admissions of this kind, in a journal such as *The New Statesman*, are welcome, if tardy evidence of some vestiges of realism. Yet must our political and diplomatic course be dictated solely by considerations of naked and narrow expediency? Are there no deeper, braver principles on which to act? It was honourable, as well as simple and human, of George V to have a profound revulsion at having to extend courtesies (which to him had great significance and were not an empty, meaningless ritual) to the representative of a régime which, twelve years before, had permitted the murder of his dearly-loved cousin and near-double, Nicky, and his whole family. Everyone's feelings in the West about the hapless Nagy, himself a Communist, and even about the gallant, doomed young soldier, Maleter, are at once much more abstract and much more complex. Yet there is one constant factor in the whole vast, lamentable tale of Soviet murder, which nobody who has dealings with the Russians can afford to ignore. Always the murders follow the breaking of a solemn pledge. An apparently endless procession of Duncans accept the promises and the greetings of one grim Macbeth after another; they go to negotiations and dinner, and are then carted off to the torture-chamber and the execution-shed.

What possible trust can be reposed in the Soviet leaders' verbal or written promises? What validity is there in any treaty, however solemn or binding, which they sign? Why bother to continue these involved and acrimonious discussions about possible discussions at the summit? Why not call off the whole complicated and distasteful farce? There is the sheerly practical answer that it is better to go on talking, however tiresomely and wastefully, however little trust or truth the discussions contain, than to begin dropping bombs.

This answer is based on the emotionally disturbing but (I think) curiously shortsighted assumption that the only—as well as the immediate—alternative to talking to the Russians is having an all-out nuclear war with them. I am by no means persuaded of the truth of this assumption. Is total war the only alternative? Repulsive tyrants though the members of the Soviet oligarchy are, there is little evidence to suggest that they are psychopaths on the pattern of Hitler; they are capable of exploiting a power-crazed neurotic like Nasser, but they themselves give the impression of being singularly if disagreeably sane.

Freely admitted that an East-West war, fought with all the monstrous devices which have been thought up on both sides in the years since I took my own uniform off, would be for the human race, probably for every living organism on this planet, a disaster beyond all imagining, I must confess that I also wonder whether negotiations with the Russians do any good at all. If the talks are to be accounted successful, there must be bargaining and at the end there must be concessions. And every concession inevitably makes the West weaker, because the Soviet Union never, in fact, concedes, and never has conceded, a single point except under direct moral and physical compulsion.

If Khrushchev really wants summit talks, he wants concessions from the West; he wants the Western Powers to be, at the end of the negotiations, weaker, more frightened, more ready for a new round of appeasement and surrender of vital interests and responsibilities, than they were at the beginning. If this is not the destined conclusion of the summit meeting, then the meeting will be disrupted and Mr. Khrushchev and his advisers will flummox out in a noisy, pre-arranged huff. But if the Western Powers make the concessions which Khrushchev will demand, then there will be banquets, back-slapping and all the accompanying macabre jollifications.

About once a year I re-read George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. It is a salutary as well as an enjoyable exercise. As in all other great and durable allegories I discover in it always a new and deeper meaning. The impact of the whole book is just as powerful now as it was when it was first published, thirteen years ago. My copy is a first edition, and the date on which I bought it is inscribed on the fly-leaf: August 23, 1945—less than three weeks after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the end of World War II, but before we began to comprehend Russia's real purpose in Europe, before anyone had invented phrases like "cold war" and "the Iron Curtain," before the disillusioning use of the veto in the Security Council, before the Berlin air-lift and the Marshall Plan and NATO, before the emergence of the vast apparatus which a civilisation on the defensive has had to erect against the attack of the barbarians.

We were weary and battered and eager to believe the best of the Russians. Could we have been warned by one dying writer, whose vision pierced the mists of popular self-deception? I wonder. I suppose I shall go on wondering all my life.

At the end of the book, when the animals' revolution at Manor Farm has run almost its full course, when the tyrannous pigs are walking about on two legs, and have trained the sheep to bleat a new anthem in their praise, and all the other animals are working harder, longer hours, on shorter rations than ever before, and the pigs and their secret police, the dogs, are busy "organising" the farm and writing "reports" and "memoranda" to each other, diplomatic relations are established with neighbouring, human-run farms. The human farmers, on an appointed day, are taken on a conducted tour of the pigs' efficient empire, and in the evening are entertained at a sumptuous supper in the farmhouse. Mr. Pilkington, the neighbours' spokesman, makes a monumentally fatuous speech and drinks a toast to the prosperity of Animal Farm. Napoleon, the boss pig, is so gratified that he goes round the table to clink his mug against Mr. Pilkington's. He then makes his own speech, celebrating the reconciliation. Orwell reports it in the *oratio obliqua* of the reliable news-agency:

> For a long time there had been rumours—circulated, he had reason to think, by some malignant enemy—that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. They had been credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business relations with their neighbours.

It would be heartening if, for every diplomat and official engaged in any phase of the summit negotiations, *Animal Farm* were a prescribed book.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF A LEBANESE REBEL LEADER: Armed guards stand on the steps and round the entrance of the chateau at Moukhtara, in the hills between Beirut and Sidon. Here is the ancestral home of the Jumblatt family, overlords of a turbulent tribe. The present Chief, Kemal Jumblatt, is a notable opponent of the Government.

A VARIETY OF UNIFORMS: Jumblatt's men wear many differe rifles and ammunition, a bandolier being much favour there are also some Christians among this curiously assor

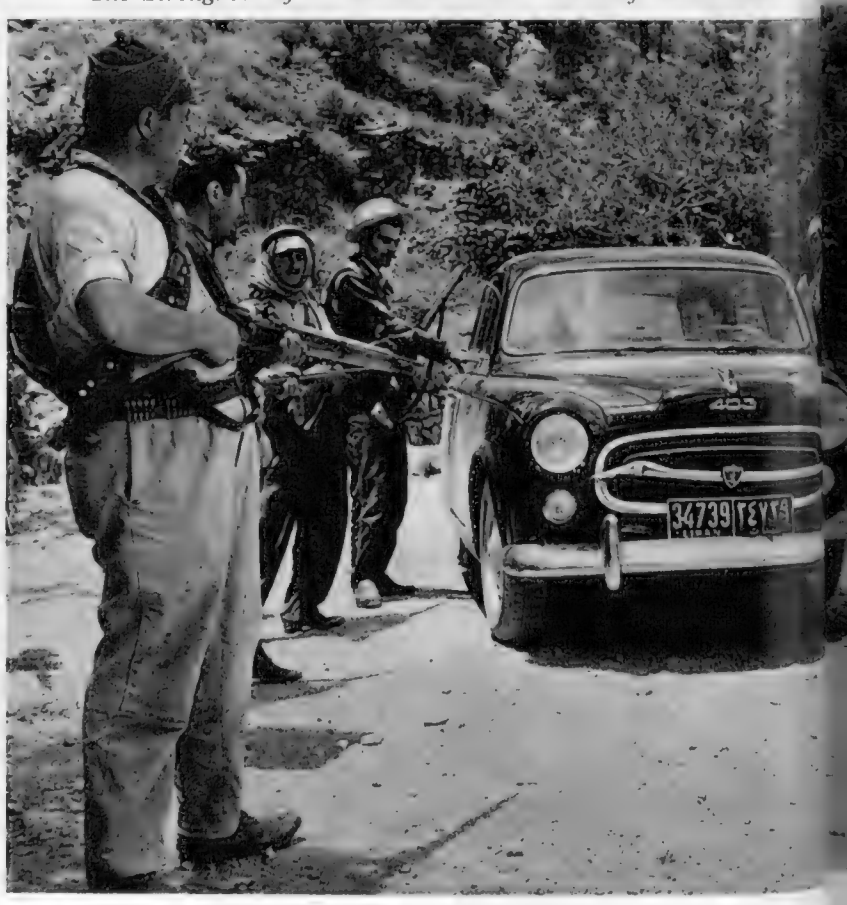
While Mr. Hammarskjöld was in the Middle East last wee two aspects of the crisis in Lebanon were given prominenc The first, and more important, was that if the Secretary-Gene of the United Nations was unable to offer a solution to t Security Council, President Chamoun might ask for Weste intervention. This created a most grave international situatio in which the phrase " on the brink " appeared in many headline Moscow, anxious to distract attention from the Nagy murde played up the possibilities of world war to the full.

The second aspect, however, showed Lebanon in mo natural colours. Kemal Jumblatt, a Druze rebel leader, ga interviews to journalists in his mountain castle south of Bei An interesting character, wearing a lounge suit in contrast to t very martial uniforms of his followers, he explained why he h quarrelled with the Government in Beirut and the ideas of h alternative policy. Philosopher, rather than warrior, Jumblatt the head of a community which has peculiar religious affiliatio in Islam. Undoubtedly he is an impressive personality, but it w not clear what relations he had with the other rebel leaders.

JUMBLATT'S CASTLE

The Stronghold of a Rebel and Other Pictures from Lebanon

THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS: Not the least attraction of service under Jumblatt for such men as these is that the Chief or Leader keeps open house for his followers. Journalists and photographers from Beirut have no difficulty in arranging for a visit to Moukhtara.



kinds of dress. They are rarely separated from their Although the majority of them are Muslim Druzes, band of rebels in an isolated area of Lebanon.

AFTER A BOMB EXPLOSION IN BEIRUT : Police and security officers examine the scene of an explosion in Beirut which caused considerable damage to the building and the bus standing outside it. There were several casualties, including at least two people killed. *On left*—A passer-by is checked for his credentials, with the damaged bus beyond him.

Below—

A UNITED NATIONS OBSERVER ON HIS DUTIES: Colonel Mollersward, of Sweden, talks with a rebel leader, Mohammed Yaghi, wearing a dressing-gown. During Mr. Hammarskjöld's stay in the Middle East—when he visited Cairo as well as Beirut—his United Nations Observers had interviews with various rebel leaders. Colonel Brown, the head of the Observer Force, was reported to have visited Kemal Jumblatt.

THE LEADER: In contrast to military uniforms usually affected by his followers, Kemal Jumblatt himself wears a dark lounge suit. Thin and over 6 ft. tall, he is one of the most remarkable leaders in the turmoil of present-day Lebanon. Until last year he was a supporter of the Government. Then he quarrelled with them, alleging he had been illegally unseated after the general election. More a philosopher than a warrior—he has studied at the Sorbonne in Paris and in India—Jumblatt propounds a policy of social reform. But first, he insists, President Chamoun must give up his office as Head of State.

On left—

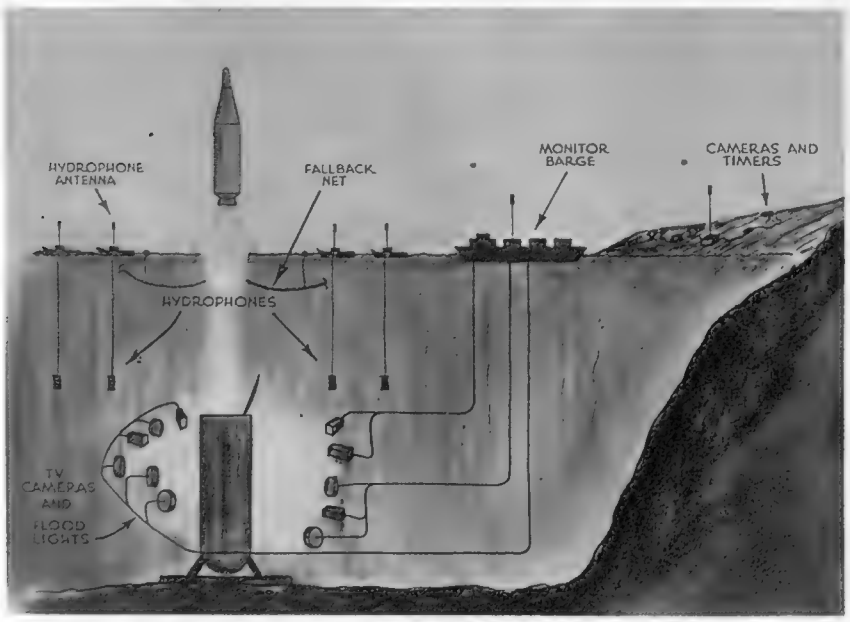
A CHALLENGE: Followers of Jumblatt stop a car on the road to Moukhtara. The visitor to the mountain stronghold is stopped at various points by outposts but is usually soon allowed to pass on to the headquarters. Jumblatt keeps a force of about 200 men in his chateau. In the nearby hills his forces are estimated to number at least 2,000.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY DEMONSTRATES THE POLARIS MISSILE: The aerial view of the testing station near San Clemente Island, California, shows final preparations being carried out prior to the launching of the fleet ballistic missile. The square formation marks the area of overlapping chain nets, below the surface, which are spread over the launching tube. As the missile is fired, the nets are pulled open to allow it to shoot in the air. They are then closed to catch the missile as it falls back into the sea.

A SEA-BED LAUNCHING

Testing the Polaris, the U.S. Navy's Submarine Ballistic Missile

Polaris, named after the North Star, is the U.S. Navy's name for an intermediate-range ballistic missile capable of being fired from submarines. Like other ballistic missiles, Polaris will be basically a projectile travelling a ballistic path through space, lifted to altitude and set on course by its original propulsion and guidance components, and then governed by natural forces such as gravity on its way to the target. This differs from a guided missile, such as the Navy's Regulus II, an unmanned aircraft, powered by conventional engines within the earth's atmosphere and guided continuously during flight. Polaris, with a range of 1,500 miles, will use a solid-propellant fuel and be capable of carrying a thermo-nuclear warhead.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FIRING: The diagram shows the Polaris thrusting itself into space after having been fired from the launching tube on the sea bed. The underwater launching tests are recorded by cameras connected to a monitor barge.

FROM THE SEA BED INTO SPACE: *Left*—The Polaris bursts out of the ocean leaving in its wake an enormous spray. *Right*—The missile has lost its nose cone as it falls back into the water to be caught in the chain nets. It rose to a height of 100 feet.

THE BROAD PATH OF THE NEW MOTORWAY : In this view looking south from the Luton-Dunstable railway-line, workmen are engaged in removing chalk to form a cutting where the road passes underneath the railway-line. The new bridge will be made of steel, supported by two concrete abutments and a central pier. Two excavators cut the chalk at a rate of 100 cub. yards per hour each. Construction of the London-Birmingham Motorway is so advanced today that much of the ground has already been excavated along the route of the dual carriageway and work on many of the bridges has started. It will be the first such undertaking to be completed in this country.

A TYPICAL ARCH CULVERT : Work is in progress on 2½ miles of culverts of up to 24 ft. in span, and on many miles of concrete pipe culverts to provide the drainage for the 53 miles of motorway. Two three-lane carriageways, each 36 ft. wide, and a total of 133 bridges, are being built in nineteen months. The contract price is £15,000,000.

A MAMMOTH ENTERPRISE

Speedy Progress on Constructing the London to Birmingham Motorway

STRETCHING in gentle curves across the countryside is the wide path of the new London to Birmingham Motorway, now under construction. It will be the first large-scale motorway to be completed in this country and has been described as "the most extended civil operation since the railways were built." It is not by any means an ordinary road. A new attitude towards the use of such a motorway will have to be adopted, since it is intended as a route on which cars will be able to travel from London to Birmingham, and eventually to Yorkshire, in the shortest possible time, in much the same way as trains travel on railway-lines.

It is simply intended to be driven on. Drivers will not be allowed to pull up except at service and refreshment areas planned every twelve miles. Access to the 53-mile section of the road will be restricted to six places. The road beginning near St. Albans will join the main trunk near Luton. From Slip End the road follows a north-westerly route to Watford gap, near Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire. There a spur road will branch off towards Birmingham, joining the Dunchurch by-pass. The main trunk of the motorway will consist of two three-lane carriageways, each 36 ft. wide and separated by a 15-ft. central reserve on which trees or shrubs will be planted.

Contrary to popular expectation, the motorway is not straight. It is designed to curve gently throughout its length so that the hypnotically dangerous effect of long straights will be avoided. It is understood that advertisements will not be allowed alongside the route so that in many places fine views of the scenery may be obtained. Instead of kerbs, marginal concrete haunches built flush with the surface of the road are being used. All this should please the motorist, who should find travel both fast and enjoyable.

Planning such a gigantic undertaking involves a great amount of time expended in reaching amicable agreement with the many bodies and individuals affected by its being built. The actual laying of the road base and surface is almost a minor part of the construction work. New culverts for drainage, re-establishment of gas mains and electricity grids, new bridges for existing roads and railway-lines, and temporary fencing marking the boundary lines all have to be planned. The cost of these, together with the domestic problems of housing and feeding the present labour force of 3,700 men form a considerable proportion of the expenditure.

Strangely under-publicised, this undertaking is contracted to be finished in nineteen months. To-day, work is progressing so well that it is possible for men engaged on the job to drive over long stretches of excavated ground along the route. The main features are taking shape. Where the motorway traverses hills and valleys, cuttings and embankments have been formed involving the excavation of 5,000,000 cubic yards of earth. This represents 7,500,000 tons, or nearly half the amount to be removed, and is equal, it is claimed, to twice the volume of the Great Pyramid. But then, the ancient Egyptians did not possess the advantages of modern equipment and technical and mechanical resources that the modern engineer has today.

Where existing roads cut across the route, there are temporary diversions totalling six miles. Bailey bridges are sometimes used to carry traffic over the motorway so that work and traffic can proceed unhindered. Already ninety out of the total of 133 bridges to be built are under construction, including multi-span viaducts. During the initial task of clearing the ground 4,000 trees were felled. Public utility services had to be dismantled and restored owing to the re-alignment of nearly 17 miles of existing crossroads under which these services run. The authorities responsible for these services have generally carried out the work themselves.

(Continued on following page)

A FOUR-SPAN OVERBRIDGE : Bridge construction on the London to Birmingham Motorway has been proceeding at the rate of eight a week. This was stepped up during June to ten a week. Other roads, railways, footpaths and children's crossings all have to be provided for. Carrying a footpath over the motorway costs £8,000 to £12,000. A grand total of 133 bridges, including multi-span viaducts, have to be constructed.

UNDER THE LUTON-DUNSTABLE RAILWAY : Vast mounds of chalk line the sides of the cutting for the motorway as it passes under the railway-line. In this area between Chalt Cross and Runley Wood, one of the most built-up on the route, great care has been taken to interfere as little as possible with existing amenities. Only a fish-and-chip sho two sports pavilions and half-a-dozen bungalows have had to be moved. In the Luton development area a major road bridge is being built to serve a projected housing schem

A MAMMOTH ENTERPRISE

(*Continued from previous page*)

The actual technique of construction and planning of materials has been carefully worked out by the contractors, John Laing and Son Ltd. In each four-mile stretch of motorway, the material removed from the cuttings is enough to provide for the embankments in the same stretch. Thus materials do not have to be hauled expensively for long distances.

Construction continues twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, except for holiday periods. This non-stop schedule, together with the high degree of mechanisation, which works out at 22 h.p. per man, allows the total period for the construction of the 53 miles of dual carriageway to be only nineteen months. There is a £40,000 a week penalty clause for each week needed by the contractors over nineteen months; which amount, however, is less than the cost of a day's stoppage through rain. This contract period was assessed as more economical than a longer period with normal working, even though it involves costly round-the-clock shifts. The labour force, including 600 specialist technicians and engineers, was recruited and in actu within one month of the contract being placed. It probably the largest single contract, at £15,000,000, ev to be placed in this country and certainly one of the mo complex and extensive projects to be undertaken.

Mr. Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civ Aviation, visiting the work in progress recently, said th even in his time as Minister, the motorway was said t be an impossibility, and to offer innumerable and insu mountable difficulties. Now, " in the astonishingly sho time of nineteen months "—that is, by October 195 these 53 miles of motorway would be completed. Travellin on this route from London to Birmingham, he predicte would transform all ideas of road transport.

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE LUTON-DUNSTABLE ROAD FLY-OVER : The cutting underneath the railway-line is in the centre background. In this area the motorway passes over the A.505 ; a two-level junction is being built with slip roads leading to a roundabout formed on the existing road. The level of the motorway at this point will be about 20 ft. above ground-level. Also in this area underpasses for cattle, subways for schoolchildren, culverts for rivers and water drainage, and retaining walls are being constructed.

A SCENE OF BUSY ACTIVITY : Lorries, cranes and excavators are at work on the cutting under the Luton-Dunstable railway. Two excavators have been removing the chalk and another with dragline equipment is at work forming the slope of the side of the cutting. At least 115 miles of temporary fencing have been erected, and 12,000 land plans prepared for the vast and complicated project. The motorway is not dead straight ; it is planned to curve gently to avoid the dangerous hypnotic effect of long " straights."

A DAY AT THE SHOW

Some Thoughts On the Agricultural Show at the Height of the Season

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE agricultural show, when you come to think about it, is really an astonishing phenomenon. We are now, so to speak, at the height of the season. From now until the middle of September, at least, it would not be an exaggeration to say that there is an agricultural show on every day of the week, except Sundays, somewhere in Britain. As a matter of fact, January is the only month of the year in which there are no agricultural shows anywhere in Britain.

The " Royal " is the great occasion, of course, but there are any number of other big shows—the County shows, the Three Counties, the Royal Counties, the Highland, and so on—which last for two or three or more days. In addition, there is a multitude of one-day shows held all over the country. It really is an astonishing thing. No other industry does anything of the sort; presumably because it is not considered worth while. There is just a Motor Show, a Boat Show, and so on. So far as I am aware, many industries do not stage shows to display their wares and their activities at all.

It is true enough that agriculture is still our biggest industry. But we are predominantly an urban people and most of us do not think of agriculture as an industry at all: when we think of " industry," we think of coal-mining and blast furnaces, of mills and docks; perhaps of atomic reactors, if we are very up to date. Broadly speaking, " industry," " industrial areas," implies to the ordinary man in the street factories and chimneys, smoke and grime, shop stewards and strikes, rows and rows of rather drab houses in rather drab towns. It may be an inaccurate picture in many of its details—indeed, it is—but, certainly, industry is not a word connected with the countryside in the mind of the average man. Most of us think of the countryside as a pleasant place for a picnic; not as a workshop.

But a stranger to Britain, looking at the positively enormous list of agricultural shows, and remembering that the vast majority of us live and work in towns, might well be forgiven for imagining that, as a nation, we are passionately interested in agriculture. Why else should we attend these shows in great and ever-increasing numbers ?

For, make no mistake about it, we do. Some four years ago, on this page, I remarked that our local agricultural show, a one-day affair, had attracted a " gate " of more than 10,000, which is over 2,000 more than the total population—men, women and babes-in-arms—of the town in which it was held. And this figure has been exceeded in each year since. So far as I can make out, this happens all over the country: the " gate " at any agricultural show always seems to beat " last year's record."

It is a very odd thing, because, though the agricultural show is deliberately aimed at the townsman (you have only to study the advertisements to realise that) and would undoubtedly die if it were not for the support of the townsman, the townsman himself, though he goes to the local show or the county show or whatever, is not in the least interested in agriculture. You have but to pick one at random and talk to him to be convinced of that. He does not think of farming as an industry: he goes to the show because it is an escape from industry, because it is a day out and " something different." He goes to see the animals, not the machinery. Not because he is interested in them as farm animals, but just because they are not machines. His real interest is aroused by such spectacles as the Dagenham Girl Pipers and by the jumping. There can be no doubt that he gets a " kick " from both.

I have often wondered if the farmer gets an equal enjoyment from it all—since, for the most part it must be something of a busman's holiday for him—especially if he has not entered stock in any of the many classes: and also what, if anything, it does for agriculture.

Just before I went to Winchester to walk round the Royal Counties Show, I read one of the farming papers. (I do not normally read them, but on this occasion I thought that I ought to know a little more thoroughly what was going on in the farming world.) It was quite painfully depressing, even for a non-farmer. There were articles under such headings as " Drop in Porker Pig Prices," " Beef Cattle Trade Declines," " Less Demand for Store Cattle," " Store Pigs Make Less," " English Grain Supplies Dwindle," and so on and so on. There was something about " dumping," and, inevitably, something about the " drift from the land " (I have been hearing about this for years past) and it was evident that farm-workers were about to ask for more money and fewer hours per week. It looked rather as though farmers were experiencing a " recession " and facing a pretty grim future. I went off to Winchester filled with sympathy and uncertain as to what I should find.

I have to report that the show was very well attended —I feel sure that the gate, for that day, at least, will beat last year's record—and that the machinery section was filled with every conceivable sort of machine, many of them commanding a high price. It seemed evident that the machinery manufacturers were experiencing a boom and not a recession. And I have to report that the farmers looked bronzed and well-middled and cheerful, that all those I met had good cars, and that their women-folk were fashionably, and often expensively, dressed. I did not see the slightest sign of depression.

But when one got to talking—oh, dear ! I talked to quite a few and after only a few minutes' conversation—what with the Ministry not doing this or not doing that, dumping by foreigners, rising costs, no this, too little that, too much of the other thing, and the weather—I wondered how any of the poor fellows kept going for a minute. But the fact is that they do: and look pretty well on it.

What does a show like this do for agriculture ? Well, it provides competition and that must be good. The livestock must benefit. And, if we are still the stud-farm of the world, then this is obviously very important indeed. Whether we are, in fact, still the stud-farm of the world is another matter—we hear a great deal, for example, about the export value of our thoroughbred industry, but, in fact, we have recently been importing thoroughbred stock to a greater value than our exports—and, if we are, whether it pays us to be is another matter still. I know nothing about all this, but going round a big show and seeing the multiplicity of breeds really does make you wonder.

Denmark, for instance, has attained her pre-eminent position in the pig world by concentrating on one breed only. We envy Denmark and would like to reach her standard in bacon specialisation, we have even had Danish experts over here to teach us their methods, but we have just as many breeds as before, and apparently go on encouraging them. On the face of it, it just does not make sense.

But then, a great deal of the " political arithmetic " of agriculture does not make sense to the non-agriculturalist. There is still this moan about the " drift from the land." Is it not rather the case that the increasing use of machinery means the employment of a smaller labour force ? There does not seem to be much point in using machines otherwise. With this smaller labour force home production has been greatly increased in recent years, and presumably also farmers' incomes. If that is so, the demand for increased wages does not seem, to the bystander, to be unjust or ill-judged. But can you really have fewer hours on a farm ? That, surely, means increased overtime as well as increased wages. I doubt if the small farmer—and there are many more small farmers than big ones—could stand that.

I came away from the Royal Counties with a firm impression of size. I get the impression at all these big shows, that there is a definite concentration on size, on money: that it is the big farmer, the wealthy farmer, who enters the various classes, who spends hours in the machinery section and that the small farmer has a day out because it is " something different." This is probably all wrong, but it remains a firm impression.

One could not help being impressed by this show—the best laid-out and the best-organised I have visited for some years—and yet I had a sneaking feeling that it was all a little out of date: that, if we are to compete successfully, we ought to be getting rid of a lot of these breeds and not encouraging them. But, thinking like that, I come to the conclusion that a Danish agricultural show must be jolly dull, whereas ours are great fun and have a nice holiday atmosphere.

PRIZE-WINNING CATTLE ON SHOW: This picture, taken at last year's Royal Show at Norwich, shows the parade of prizewinners in the main ring, which attracted a large number of spectators. In the background are some of the exhibition stands. For many visitors to an agricultural show it is a day out and " something different." *On right*—A demonstration of hurdle-making at this year's Royal Counties Agricultural Society's Show at Winchester. It was the Society's eighty-third Show, but the first at Winchester since 1927.

STRIFE-TORN CYPRUS

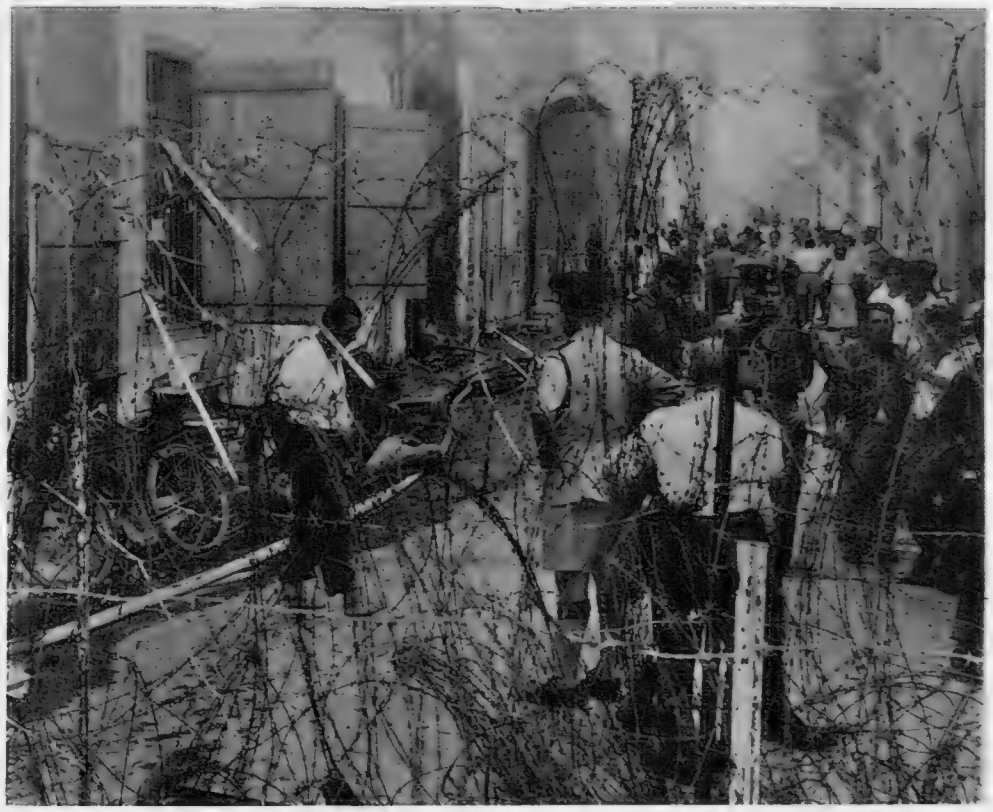
Ever Watchful Servicemen Reinforced by Marine Commandos; Communal Violence and Divisions

ALWAYS ALERT—EVEN OFF DUTY: On the beach at Kyrenia, a rating from H.M.S. *Meon* wearing bathing trunks but armed with an automatic weapon keeps watch while his messmates go out to swim from the shores of the Old Harbour. The picture is a reminder of the perpetual vigilance which has to be maintained off duty as well as on duty by the British forces in Cyprus. On Thursday of last week, when the House of Commons at Westminster was debating the Government's Cyprus proposals, yet another cold-blooded murder was reported from Nicosia, a Greek-Cypriot stall-owner being shot by a youth whom he was serving with food. At the same time leaflets signed by Dighenis (Colonel Grivas, the EOKA leader) were being circulated. They attacked the British plan as a "new monstrosity" and described Sir Hugh Foot as "a Trojan horse sent by the Tories to cheat the Cypriots."

On right—

SIR HUGH FOOT IN BRITAIN: The Governor of Cyprus alights at the R.A.F. station at Benson, in Oxfordshire, from the Canberra in which he had flown from the island. Sir Hugh came to London last week for consultations with the Government.

MORE REINFORCEMENTS REACH CYPRUS: Men of No. 45 Marine Commando disembark from the cruiser H.M.S. *Bermuda*, in Limassol Harbour. They had been brought from Malta and arrived in Cyprus very soon after the airlift of the Parachute Brigade Group from England had been completed.



ARSON IN NICOSIA: Police stand outside a Greek-owned shop which had been burnt down by Turkish Cypriots. The barbed-wire barricade is one of many erected in the capital in the hope of keeping the rival communities apart. Curfew was also continued last week as a measure to keep order.

A VILLAGE DIVIDED WITHIN ITSELF: *Left*—In Skyllapouros, members of the Greek-Cypriot community sit outside a café and watch and wait as an armoured vehicle approaches. Many of the younger Greeks are enrolled in their local community's Home Guard. *Right*—In the Turkish quarter of the village, adults and children gather round a radio set to listen to broadcasts from Ankara. Once the people of Skyllapouros lived together in amity. Now the communities are wary and suspicious of each other.

A HIGHLY-SKILLED TASK: Priests take photographs as artis follow the prepared plan of a panel. The decorations are ma of thousands of flowers carefully graded for colour and shad

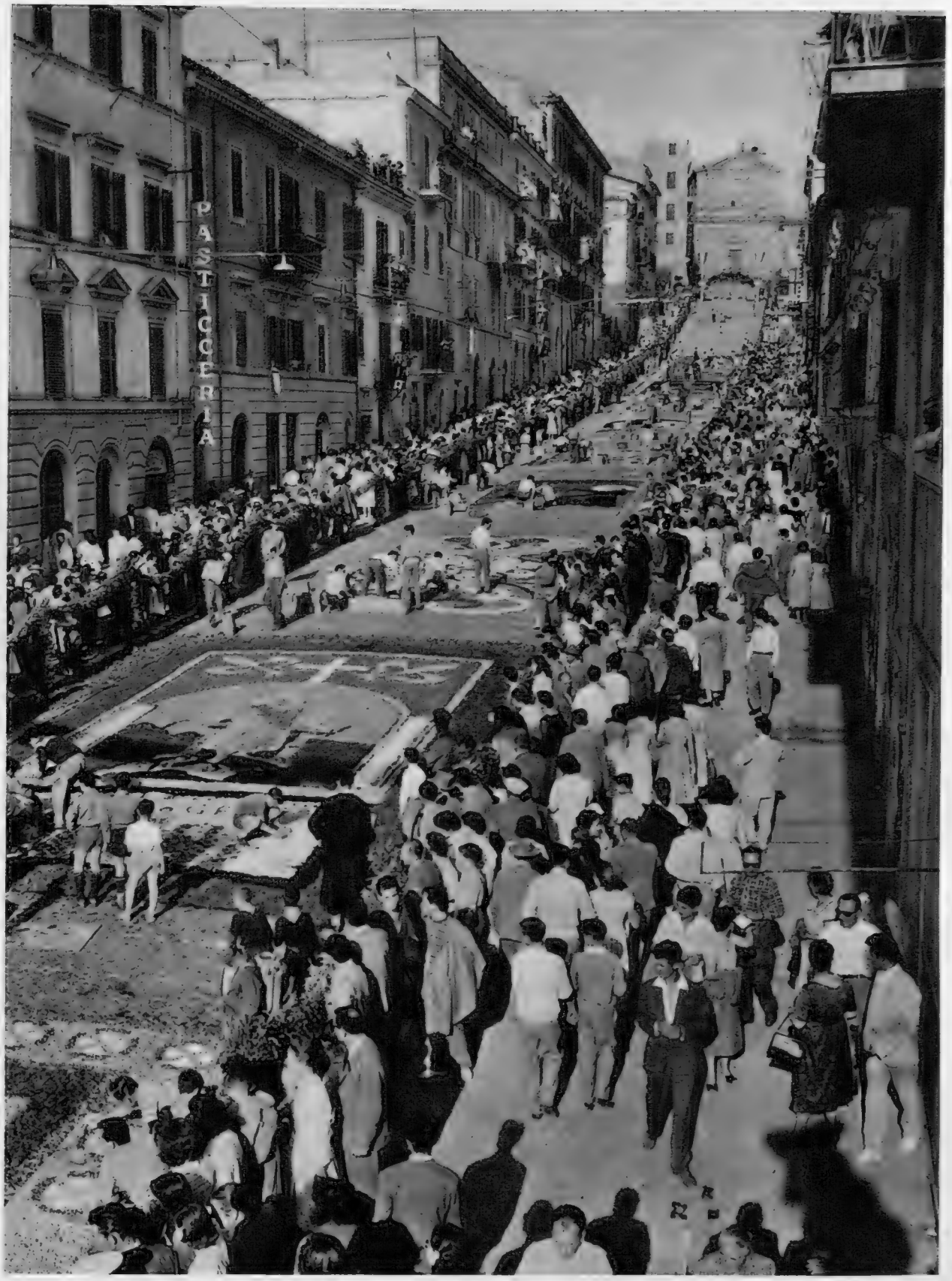
A CARPET OF FLOWERS: Finishing touches are put to the designs on the cobblestones of the Via Livia in preparation for the festival at Genzano, near Rome, in Italy. At the far end is a panel depicting the Archangel Michael; centre, a symbolic representation of the Constitution of the Italian Republic, and in the foreground "The Descent from the Cross." *On right*—A detail of the picture shows the panel copied from Caravaggio's painting.

PREPARING ONE OF THE LARGE FLORAL PANELS: The figure of Christ, with the flowers already fastened to a stiff backing, is laid on the cobblestones. *On right*—The panel is complete with a decorative border. It shows Christ standing before a work-bench with, underneath, the inscription "Return, O Christ, to reign over the world, born on the shoulders of us, the workers."

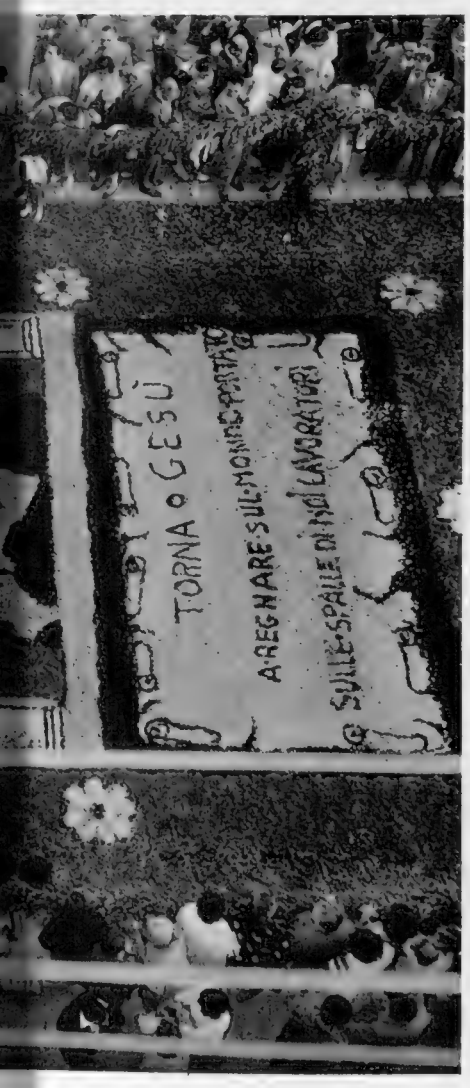
PAVED WITH FLOWERS

The Decorative Patterns of the Floral Festival at Genzano

Almost every year since 1778 the little town of Genzano, which lies on the Via Appia some sixteen miles to the south-east of Rome and near Lake Nemi, has celebrated its flower festival, the Infiorata di Genzano. This takes place during the religious ceremonials of Corpus Christi. Along the Via Livia, which stretches up to the Church of St. Mary of the Top, highly-decorative panels consisting entirely of many thousands of flowers are laid down. Although photographs of this event have been reproduced in THE SPHERE in previous years, this year the selection of pictures gives a more vivid and detailed impression of the highly complex and beautiful carpet of flowers and the skill and care needed in the construction of the elaborate panels. The idea of the festival, which attracts many thousands of visitors from Italy and from all over the world, originated when two brothers arranged flowers in a simple decorative pattern outside their door as a sign of their devotion and faith. For 200 years, with few interruptions, the festival has been held. Again this year there was much activity in the little town over the week-end following the day of Thanksgiving for the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Artists worked over the designs, many prepared after months of work, for the panels and the outlines were traced on the cobblestones. The most difficult of the figures were made in advance on cardboard or hardboard and then placed in position. Thousands of flowers were picked, carefully graded according to colour and shade, and placed in baskets. Finally artists and some 200 helpers placed the flowers in position to build up the half-mile of pattern and colour. Throughout the work over 8 tons of flowers and finely-chopped petals for the borders were kept fresh by spraying with water.



HALF A MILE OF FLOWERS: Gaily-dressed residents of Genzano and many visitors watch some of the 200 "artists" prepare the Via Livia for the annual Infiorata di Genzano. In the distance, at the end of the street, is the Church of St. Mary of the Top, where, in the evening, a service is conducted after a religious procession has passed over the carpet of flowers.



A MADONNA AND CHILD: Leaning over the border of finely-chopped petals an "artist" gives a last touch to the panel. More than 8 tons of flowers are used each year.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI: The Saint is blessing a figure representing Italy. Blooms give the panel the appearance of a highly-coloured and decorative relief when they have been placed in position.

The Sphere of Travel

CONTRASTS IN BERLIN

The Visitor can Enjoy the Attractions in the Bustling Western Sector; and Tour the Drabness of the Soviet Sector

By GORDON COOPER

BY far the easiest way of reaching Berlin from the outside Western world is by air—flying from Hanover or Hamburg, the nearest airfields, or from farther away. Certainly the most thrilling time to arrive is after dark, for then, just before landing, you look down on this great metropolis, with its blaze of lights marking the Western Sector, while beyond and all around lies the almost Stygian darkness of the Eastern Sector and the Eastern Zone. Nor does later daylight inspection dispel the striking contrast. In the Western Sector of the city there is a stimulating energy and bustle on all sides, while in the East the atmosphere is apathetic and dull.

Each time I visit post-war Berlin I find remarkable changes. Each time I realise that its main attraction is that it is typical only of what is now and of the present day; nothing much else is of account here. From the rubble-strewn city I knew only a few years back there has arisen, phœnix-like, an outstanding modern metropolis. There are, of course, still some gaps to be filled, but before long an almost entirely new city will have come into being. It is a picture of a life worth living and of the strength and efficiency of the Western world. It is sometimes good to remind ourselves of our capacity in this direction.

There are two things, however, which remain constant in Berlin: the amazingly bracing air, which in its turn undoubtedly contributes to the lively character of the Berliners—those undaunted people who are literally perched on the edge of a political volcano. But I feel they will never be toppled over. The midday tolling of the Liberty Bell at the Town Hall alone is there as a constant reminder and exhortation not to weaken, not to flag in their resistance against tyranny. For Berlin, during the historic air-lift, was the stage on which was fought out, against almost insuperable odds, a battle which demonstrated more than anything else that a life compatible with human dignity was the most vital prize of all.

So, while this memory of the past is always present with me wherever I go in the city, yet for the present-day tourist there are many exciting experiences to be gained in sightseeing. My own first steps are always along the Kurfürstendamm, that long and wide thoroughfare, radiantly gay with innumerable pavement restaurants and cafés, elegant shops, theatres and cinemas. Almost the only war memory is the ruined Kaiser Wilhelm Church, which stands like a warning symbol. This is as good a city as any in Europe in which to *bummel*, or saunter. Sit in a café in the Kudam (its popular name with Berliners) and merely keep your eyes open and follow what is going on around you. You will then get a definite idea of the mental vigour, the varied types, the social structure, and the human qualities to be found in the city. No one certainly seems to be depressed here.

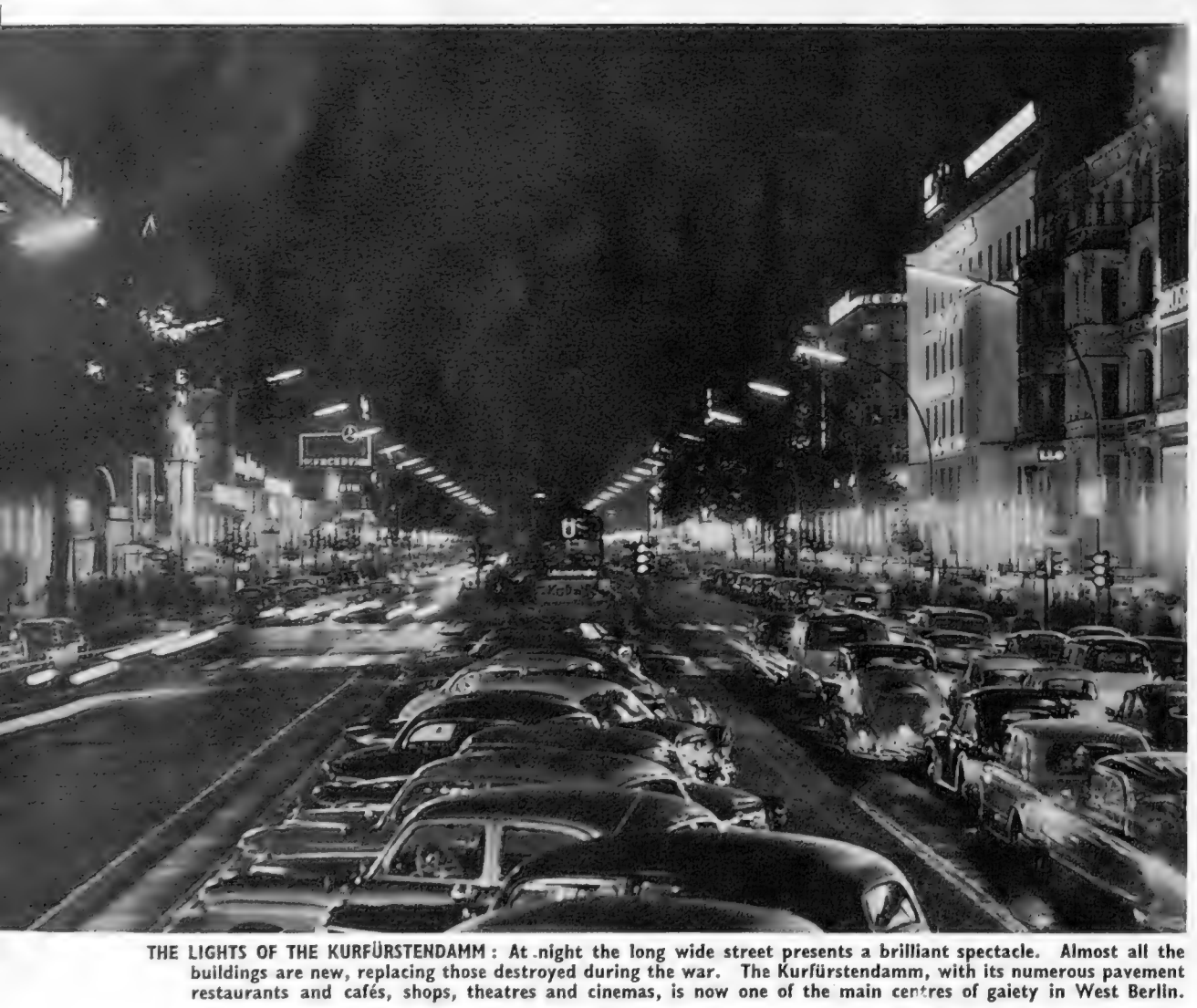
Another interesting walk is along an extension of the Kudam, the Tauentzien, which is lined by great department stores. That of the KaDeWe is the largest—one of the largest in Europe, too—and its food department, occupying the whole of the top floor, is an amazing spectacle of abundance and variety. Strangely enough, although almost every item of food has to be imported, prices in Berlin are lower than elsewhere in Germany. For around 5s. you can get a really good meal. This economy is effected by benevolent legislation, and it applies to most classes of goods. Berlin is an excellent shopping centre.

During a recent visit I found quite startling architectural developments had taken place in the Hansa District. Here architects of international repute from all over the world have shown their ideas in town planning. Individual taste must decide the appeal of these vast blocks of beehive flats, all of modern design. There are also a couple of ultra-modern churches, both with unusual and curious features. Farther east, not far from the Reichstag, is the new Congress Hall, a remarkable building designed by an American architect and partly financed by the Benjamin Franklin Foundation. Its main auditorium seats 1,200, and each seat is wired so that each individual can listen-in to a speaker, with an immediate translation of his speech into five other languages. There are seven smaller conference halls, a restaurant, a café, and a post office. From the outside the building's most striking feature is its huge downward-arching "butterfly" roof, resembling an oyster-shell.

MOST MODERN OF MODERN CITIES: The head office of a commer which are a sign of its thriving prosperity. Visitors can ga difference in the way of life under the Communist system. Alm

Perhaps the feature of reconstruction which pleased me most was the Tiergarten, where a miracle has be effected. During the war frightful havoc was wrou among the magnificent old trees, but now what was on the sorry spectacle of a ploughed field has been tran formed into an oasis of peace and beauty. Some 1,500,0 young trees and shrubs have been planted; and neat pat lead down to the winding rivulets and ponds stocke with swans and ducks. Most charming of all is the garde of summer flowers and the English Garden (sometime called the Garden of Eden, after our former Prim Minister). That oddity, the Soviet War Memorial flanked by tanks and cannon and guarded by Russia soldiers, is still there, a curious phenomenon of th present political situation.

I went, of course, to the Dahlem Museum which house one of the finest and most representative collections o the paintings by Watteau and many old French and Dutc masters, with that superb picture of Rembrandt's, "Th Man With the Golden Helmet," as its proudest possessio I like also Sacchi's portrait of the extremely corpule Feldhauptmann Borro. Most wonderful surprise of



THE LIGHTS OF THE KURFÜRSTENDAMM: At night the long wide street presents a brilliant spectacle. Almost all the buildings are new, replacing those destroyed during the war. The Kurfürstendamm, with its numerous pavement restaurants and cafés, shops, theatres and cinemas, is now one of the main centres of gaiety in West Berlin.

BY AIR TO PARIS

This summer from eight o'clock in the morni to eleven o'clock at night at least twenty-tw passenger aircraft belonging to major air lines w take-off each day from London Airport or Par Sometimes they leave at the hour, sometimes at t half-hour, but whatever time you choose you can reasonably certain of finding a flight to suit you. Th choice, however, can be somewhat restricted if y make up your mind to travel by a particular air li It is much better to book through a travel agent wh can offer you a diversity of services. Air-line tick to Paris are interchangeable and it is quite possi to travel out by Air France and return by B.E.A. Tu facility is of the utmost benefit to businessmen wh can time their journeys much more precisely and kee their appointments without having to wait aroun unnecessarily. To make the best use of the air bus service to Paris—for that is what it has now become it is quicker to book through the travel agent rathe than consult the somewhat massive and complicate time-tables which are available.

Perhaps the word "bus" should not have been used, since from August 1 first-class accommodation will be available on all London-to-Paris day flights. This will meet the need of men who like to work while they fly and find the somewhat restricted accommoda tion of the tourist class does not give them sufficien elbow-room to handle papers and despatch cases.

rm is one of the many fine business buildings in West Berlin urs of the Eastern sector and see for themselves the great erywhere is drab except for one flashy thoroughfare.

vas to renew acquaintance with that glorious bust of Queen Nefertiti which has come home again from Wiesbaden, although she is now rechristened " Norfretete." cannot understand why this priceless treasure should be xhibited in a remote room on the top floor of the museum, lthough she does have it to herself.

A much smaller art collection which no visitor should niss is to be found in the Georg Kolbe House, where there re many works of this important twentieth-century sculpor. Particularly appealing are two statues: " Alone," vhich was created shortly after the death of the artist's vife; and " Freedom," symbolising man's despair in not eing able to gain his freedom.

There are many other cultural aspects of the city. The heatre is very much alive and offers rich fare for those able to nderstand German. There is a wealth of musical life, inluding the opera, although it is claimed that the opera in the Eastern Sector is the best. The difficulty, however, is to obtain eats for the performances, for they must be paid for in Eastern marks. But I found that they can be bought at the chwedisches Reiseburo, in Rankestrasse (West Berlin).

Those with little time to spare but with an allompelling urge to have a look at the Brussels Exhibion will be interested to hear that British Railways re arranging some day excursions for as little as 5 2s. from a number of towns, including Preston, iverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Notngham and Leicester, until September 10. A twoight journey is involved but a complete day can be pent at the Exhibition. An attractive facility is the pecial exhibition ticket costing 4s. 6d., which can be btained at the time of booking. This not only covers dmission but also travel between Brussels Midi Station nd the Exhibition grounds.

The jargon of travel requires elucidation. The uropean Plan, for an example, refers to the price for ooms only, while the American Plan represents full ension—in other words, rooms including all meals. here are two other Plans which tend to confuse hotel servations still further, the modified American Plan, hich represents demi-pension or dinner, room and reakfast, and the Bermuda Plan, which represents oom and breakfast only. These terms are often met th these days and are liable to bewilder people from itain.

The Viscount coach and tour service, run between io's country and West Africa by Airwork and Huntingtn, can be made additionally attractive with breaks nd journey at Lisbon and Las Palmas. This will enable dany on leave to enjoy a holiday either in the Canaries en Portugal before returning to this country or, indeed, e versa.

W. D. C. C.

SPACIOUS LIVING : A seventeen-story block of flats is reflected in the water in the Hansa district. This is one of the many buildings erected last year in the Berlin International Building Exhibition in which foreign as well as German architects participated. As a result, many people live in spacious surroundings in West Berlin.

Exhibitions and festivals play an important part in attracting visitors to Berlin from the outside world. Especially notable among the cultural events are the annual Film Festival, held at the end of June, and the Musical Festival (September 21 to October 7). This year the guests include the Hamburg State Opera and the Spanish Ballet with Antonio, while an interesting innovation will be concerts of Japanese music.

The night life generally of Berlin continues to be lively and attractive, with new places opening up and others closing down. *Remde's St. Pauli* is the most resplendent of the nude shows, while *Resi* continues to offer its amazing water display. Although I am not a night-bird by nature, I found *Cherchez la Femme* and *Charley's* to be two fashionable places. Young folk will undoubtedly want to visit *Badewanne*, where there is jazz at its noisiest. There are, by the way, organised Night Club tours, which are the best way perhaps of sampling the interesting spots, including a visit to Berlin's Radio Tower, from which there is a thrilling bird's-eye view over the sparkling lights of the city. Your hall porter can arrange reservations. There are also day sight-seeing tours, including one which takes you to East Berlin, where there are no restrictions for tourists, except that one cannot make any purchases in the shops—not that there is much of worth to buy. Take your passport, however.

Having a peep behind the Iron Curtain, even if it be rather a dingy peep, is an attraction to most visitors. What a contrast it offers ! The only modern street is the fantastic Stalin Allee, not yet renamed. In this flashy thoroughfare I noticed that already some of the balconies of the flats had crumbled and tumbled. The statue of Joe still stands there, but it is said that it will shortly be removed to make room for a new building.

Last time I was in East Berlin I found the German War Memorial in the Unter den Linden had been tidied up, after years of neglect. Nearby are various museums, the only one of importance being that which houses the famous Pergamon sculptures. Not to be missed, either, is the startling Treptow Soviet cemetery, which lies some distance away but is included in the organised tour. It offers a curious insight into Russian mentality in that they should have erected so colossal a monument on former enemy soil. It stands in a great park: a tiny mausoleum on a small hill, the way to which is flanked with huge cenotaphs, all of which are copiously engraved with the sayings of Stalin.

After dark one day I took a stroll in the Eastern Sector. It filled me with profound melancholy, for where once the heart of Berlin beat, where the traffic of the city with its millions of inhabitants roared, a deadly silence now reigns. Leipziger Strasse, once the busiest of thoroughfares, is almost a " dead " street, with ruins and shuttered buildings all around. I felt like a ghost wandering around, with not even a café in which to sit. I did notice, however, that an attempt is now made to clear up the debris.

Finally, for the intending tourist, I would mention that Berlin offers much in the way of open-air recreation and entertainment. There are motor-car and motorcycle races which take place on the Avus track; international athletics are staged in the great Olympic Stadium; there are swimming championships, wrestling and horse-racing; while it is very pleasant, especially in warm weather, to visit the Wannsee, with its opportunities for bathing and boating, while around is the lovely Grunewald, a dense forest offering delightful walks. This is the Berliner's playground. Yet, best of all, I just like to *bummel* in this great city—Berlin, the Undaunted.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

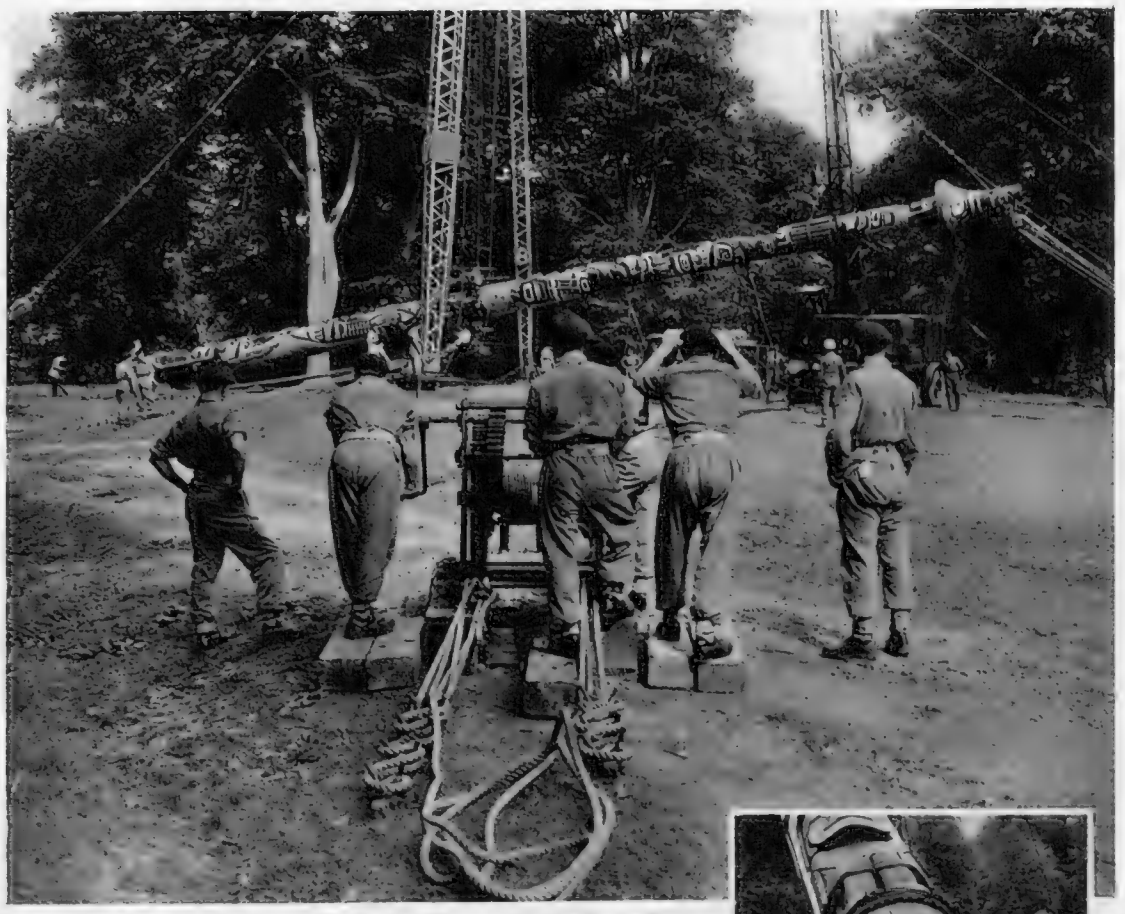
German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, *Vigo Street*, *London*, *W.*1.
Berlin Tourist Office, *Fasanenstrasse*, 7-8, *Berlin-Charlottenburg*.

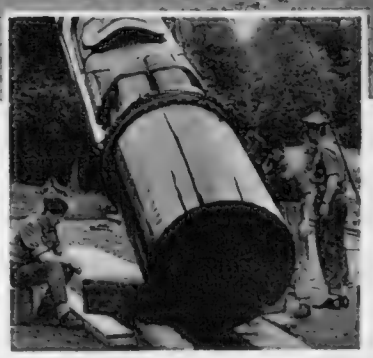
SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Savoy (*bed and breakfast only*, *quiet situation*), *Fasanenstr.*
Steinplatz (*good cuisine*), *Uhlandstr.*
Kempinski (*most fashionable*), *Kurfürstendamm*, 27.
West-End (*economical*), *Kurfürstendamm.*
Stephanie (*economical*).

FROM CANADA TO BRITAIN

A Gigantic Totem Pole from British Columbia is Erected in Windsor Great Park





ERECTING THE QUEEN'S TOTEM POLE: In Windsor Great Park Royal Engineers operate a winch as the 100-ft. totem pole, a gift to the Queen from the people of British Columbia to mark their centenary, rises from the ground. *On right*—Some of the forty men engaged in the operation inspect the base, which is nearly 5 ft. in diameter. It weighs nearly 13 tons. Of western red cedar cut from a 600-year-old tree, the pole is carved in the authentic style of the Kwakiuti, a federation of many tribes and clans in the north of Vancouver Island and the coastal mainland. It was shipped from Canada in the *Pacific Unity* and after being unloaded at Surrey Docks was transported by road to Windsor.

WINDSOR'S NEW LANDMARK: The gigantic pole is lowered into a concrete base. *Left*—From the top, the figures represent a man with a hat; a beaver; an old man; a thunderbird; a sea-otter; a raven; a whale; a double-headed snake; a halibut man and a cedar man. Each ornate carving represents the mythical ancestor of a clan.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

150 YEARS OF PRECISION AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

EARLY last month, during the same week that the Fairey "Rotodyne" helicopter first heaved itself off the ground in public view, the West End of London was treated to a brief but stately procession of veteran and Edwardian cars. There were several models but all of one make which has been out of production for more than thirty years. The connection between Britain's most advanced form of "vertical take-off" airliner and these considerably more elegant museum pieces of Edwardian motoring was simply one of engineering craftsmanship; the power plant of the new helicopter came from the firm which had made those limousines and phaetons early this century—D. Napier and Son, engineers, of London and Liverpool.

For many British engineering firms—certainly those in as young an industry as aircraft—the fifty years which separate the "Noiseless Napier Landaulette" from the Eland propellor-turbines of to-day would span their whole history. Napier's goes back another century beyond that; this summer, it is celebrating its 150th anniversary. The firm's history, indeed, leads clearly back to the very source of precision engineering in this country, the almost legendary workshop of Henry Maudslay, father of the machine tool. From among Maudslay's apprentices came many of the most famous names in British engineering: one of them was the original David Napier.

To-day, Napier's are best known as designers and builders of prime movers, gas turbines of several kinds in the aero-engine field, and specialised high-speed diesel engines for marine propulsion and stationary power. A century and a half of history has seen the firm specialising in different directions at different periods, always with the emphasis on high precision, and usually catering for a limited and discriminating group of customers. Even in its years of making cars, for some of which it was associated with one of the most successful and flamboyant salesmen in the history of the British motor industry, Napier was generally addressing itself to the upper crust of the market with luxury cars. This is a firm where the engineering tradition has always been the dominant one—at times, with a certain disdain of commercial considerations.

Both strains can be seen in its early history. David Napier, whose first venture into specialised machine design was in the printing field, began by developing a machine which carried out the actual printing operation comparatively rapidly, but defeated its own end through the elaborate ancillary and preparatory processes it needed. But its ingenuity brought him an illustrious customer, T. C. Hansard, the Parliamentary printer, and the "Nay-peer" that David Napier built for him, a hand-cranked machine which would print a thousand sheets on both sides in an hour, launched the Scots engineer upon a successful business in printing machinery.

Customers in other fields were equally eminent. In 1842, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England had the idea of a machine that would detect when golden coins, in the course of circulation, had become underweight: Napier produced for him an automatic coin balance which could weigh 10,000 sovereigns in six hours and could detect a difference of one-hundredth of a grain. (A Napier gold coin weighing machine is still in the Royal Mint, and is more accurate than those used to-day.) And the firm's connection as suppliers to the Government, which has been of vast importance since the First World War, goes back as far as the 1830's, when Napier designed a bullet stamping machine for the Board of Ordnance.

The second Napier in this firm's dynasty, James Murdoch, was as inventive an engineer as his father, but with a haughty indifference to business considerations. The company, over the years, ceased to be much concerned with the general printing field (rather characteristically, because David Napier studied the principle of the rotary press but never went forward with developing it) but developed a lucrative specialised business in platen printing machines for banknotes, postage stamps, and other fine work.

Napier's also made coin equipment for the Royal Mint and for foreign mints; but in 1870 James Murdoch Napier had a sharp and personally bitter quarrel with the Deputy Master of the Mint, and never received another order from this quarter. This younger Napier's honesty was as profound as his arrogance, and on occasion equally embarrassing for the business: he once turned down an order for £60,000 worth of machinery from a foreign government because the official concerned wanted a rake-off.

By the '90's, this combination of high craftsmanship with lack of business acumen had brought the company into complete decline: the rise of the motor-car, in which Montague Napier, of the third generation of the engineering family, worked with S. F. Edge, a brilliant salesman with a flair for publicity, brought it back to prosperity. The Napier car, first developed when Edge asked Napier to design him a new engine for a Panhard, became the leading British car of the first decade of this century; before the Rolls-Royce rose to challenge it, Napier's used the label "The best car in the world" quite as confidently as the Derby firm does to-day. In 1903 Napier produced the first 6-cylinder car; beginning with the famous Gordon Bennett race of 1901, the firm's cars took a long series of racing and speed trophies. But this motoring chapter was almost closed by the First World War; though the company developed one more car in 1919, and sales went on until 1924, it had deliberately shifted the emphasis towards aero-engines.

That, in 1918, was a pretty hazardous business decision to make. True, the firm had expanded immensely during the war that was just ending, and on aero-engines, making hundreds of engines to other people's designs and developing, by 1918, one of its own, the famous "Lion." But orders were being drastically cut with the return to peace. There was, for a time, a boom in the motor trade; commercial aviation had hardly been born and the extent of military aircraft expenditure looked uncertain.

Throughout the '20's, Napier's was working primarily for the Government, producing the Napier Lion, which was the most successful engine of its time and developing more advanced engines. But this "partnership with Whitehall" had its own difficulties (as many other aircraft firms have discovered since): Government support for the smaller "Cub" engine, for example, was cut off sharply, and the situation insulated the firm from healthy competitive pressures. The Lion engine powered several of the record-breaking aircraft and most of the "fastest cars in the world"; but competitors, Rolls-Royce in the same water-cooled field and others in the field of radial air-cooled engines, were developing faster.

POWER FOR AIRCRAFT: Napier apprentices are assembling Gazelle engines in the firm's fitting shop at Acton, in West London. The Gazelle free turbine, which can operate at any angle from horizontal to vertical, is being used in Bristol and Westland helicopters.
(Further picture on following page)

Napier's answer, in the '30's, was the "H" series of engines, the Rapier, the Dagger and finally the Sabre, which powered the Hawker Typhoon and Tempest fighters of the last war, with a peak output of 4,000 h.p. War brought once again vast orders for Napier's aero-engines; in 1942, it also brought a change of ownership, the firm being taken over by the English Electric Company. This underpinned the finances of the firm during its wartime expansion; but Napier's still faced a major technical dilemma. Having developed and produced, in time for war service, one of the most successful of the last generation of piston engines, the firm had been shut out of the development of gas turbines; it had a lee-way of five years to make up.

Coming in behind the leaders in this jet race, Napier's had to be selective: it chose the propellor-jet and certain specialised types of jet engine for helicopters. Its Nomad, a complex engine, which used a turbine as an auxiliary for a conventional piston engine, which was able to work equally well on diesel oil, kerosene or gasoline, never found a suitable aircraft; Napier's went on to axial-flow propellor-turbines, first the Naiad and eventually the Eland. This is the engine used in the Rotodyne helicopter, where for vertical lift it acts as a compressor pumping out compressed gas to combustion chambers at the tips of the rotors, and for horizontal flying operates conventional airscrews. It also goes into ordinary airframes: the Canadian Government is buying Convair aircraft made in Canada and powered with Elands.

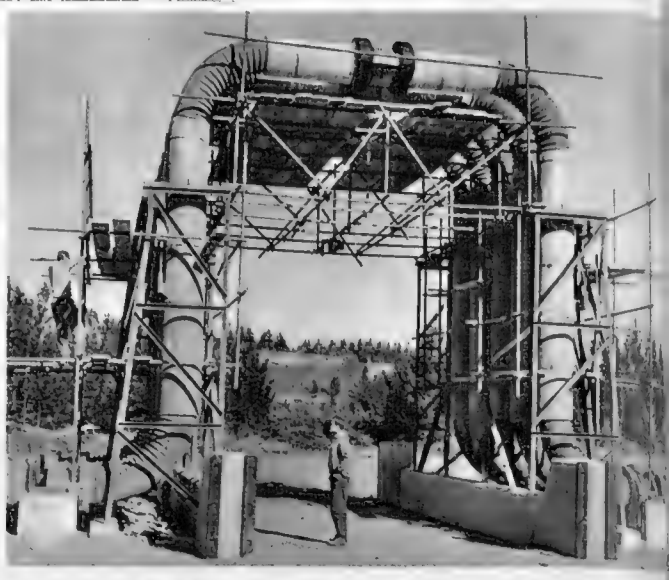
Its Gazelle free turbine, which can operate at any angle from horizontal to vertical, is being used in Bristol and Westland helicopters. Outside the aircraft field, Napier developed for the Admiralty a high-speed two-stroke diesel engine, the Deltic, which has been used in fast patrol boats, minesweepers, and later in railway locomotives and for power generation.

For any single firm, aircraft development often means leap-frogging. Though it came late to the gas turbine field, Napier has been in the British rocket development programme from the beginning, and has carried out an extensive programme of research into the ram jet, a form of high-speed engine which works without moving parts. One byway of research has taken the company into de-icing systems; it has developed an electric surface heating system known as "Spraymat." Its own needs for large numbers of small parts caused the firm to go into precision casting by the lost-wax process; now half of its foundry output goes to outside customers.

This post-war chapter of activity, therefore, finds the company more diversified in its engineering activities than in earlier years, though with the main emphasis still on aircraft power units and upon work for the Government and other official customers at home and abroad. Precision, craftsmanship, technical development, and work for exacting expert customers are the keynote to-day, as they have been for 150 years. This kind of engineering is, in a sense, the antithesis of mass production; but it is a kind to which British talents are perhaps even more suited.

MODERN SEWAGE DISPOSAL

With the opening of the Sewage Disposal Works at Spondon on Tuesday, Derby now has the most modern plant of this kind in the country. The aerial view reproduced *above* shows the completed works, with the humus tanks and filter works in the foreground. Pollution of the River Derwent by sewage and trade effluent caused much local concern in Derbyshire a few years ago. The stock of fish in the river was particularly affected and the local Angling Association was much concerned in securing an improvement of these conditions. To meet these objections a large-scale redevelopment scheme was projected to extend and modernise the Derby Sewage Disposal Works at Spondon. This was undertaken by the County Borough of Derby in collaboration with British Celanese Limited, with Messrs. J. D. and D. M. Watson as Consulting Engineers. The work fell into three main parts and was carried out by Holloway Brothers (London) Limited, who started the construction of the new pump station in June 1954. The completed works at Spondon were opened by Alderman M. Lowe, Chairman of the Highways and Drainage Committee, in the presence of the Mayor of Derby and representatives of various institutions.



GEOTHERMAL POWER IN NEW ZEALAND

An expansion loop is placed in the steam mains about every 1,000 ft. to allow for expansion of the pipes which carry the steam from bores to the power-house in the Wairakei region of New Zealand. These loops are on the five 20-in. insulated mains which lead to the power station and allow for an expansion of up to 3 ft. every 1,000 ft. Power is expected from this unique geothermal project in September. Underground steam and water at Wairakei will generate 70,000 kilowatts, using only bores in an area less than 2 miles square. A chain of generating stations may be built on the North Island's thermal region, which is about 150 miles long and 30 miles wide. Some estimates have placed the power generation potential of geothermal steam at 1,000,000 kilowatts. This is equal to the entire present generation in the Dominion. At Wairakei, work is proceeding on laying the pipelines, constructing the power-house and installing the generators, as well as erecting sub-station gear and a pumping station.

AT WAIRAKEI: Steam billows from the bores. It will pass along the five 20-in. insulated mains to turbines at the power station on the banks of the Waikato. About 44,000 ft. of 20-in. mains have been completed. Branch pipes are now being laid to carry the steam from the borehead to the main. So far, the deepest bore goes down to 3,000 ft.

150 YEARS OF PRECISION AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

(*Continued from previous page*)

INSIDE THE LIVERPOOL FACTORY OF D. NAPIER AND SON: The view shows part of the machine shop of the engineering firm which is now celebrating its 150th anniversary. In the foreground are turbo-blower inlet casings, and in the centre are compressor delivery casings.

On right—

THE POWER-HOUSE FOR THE GEOTHERMAL PROJECT: The 20-in. mains lead to the 75-ft.-high power-house at Wairakei. The building is 200 ft. long and 200 ft. wide. The scheme will cost about £NZ100 a kilowatt, which is comparable to the present cost of hydro-electric construction.

On right—

SOUTH BANK'S CHANGING SCENE

On the South Bank in London, the site of the Festival of Britain Exhibition in 1951, work is in progress on the new 26-storey Shell Petroleum Company building. When completed, the offices will probably be the largest in the capital. Originally, old warehouses and dwellings occupied the land. This enormous project on the London skyline will take about four years to build. It will rise to a height of 330 ft., which is about three times as high as the nearby County Hall.

Shell's London headquarters will consist of an "upstream" block built on three sides of a square with the open side facing the Thames, and an L-shaped "downstream" block of eleven storeys about 150 ft. in height abutting on to another of only three storeys. The "upstream" block also consists of eleven storeys dominated by a 26-storey tower 330 ft. high. The architect is Sir Howard Robertson, A.R.A., and the main contractors are Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd. It was in 1953 that the L.C.C. announced that the permanent development of the site would combine business buildings with places of entertainment. Although some modifications have been made to the original proposals, the scheme now being put into effect will include the Royal Festival Hall, a smaller concert hall and a riverside hotel.

BRITISH FLOODLIGHTING AT NIAGARA FALLS

The American Falls and Bridal Veil are illuminated by a new £55,000 colour floodlighting system which has been installed at Niagara Falls by the General Electric Co. Ltd., of England, through its Canadian associate company, the Amalgamated Electric Corporation Ltd. The floodlights are ten times as powerful as the old installation, which has been in use since 1925. The system comprises twenty colour floodlighting projectors mounted on the Rotunda in Queen Victoria Park. Ten projectors illuminate the Canadian Horseshoe Falls, three the Upper Rapids, two light the rock face at the base of Goat Island and five project their light 3,000 ft. to the 1,000-ft.-wide American Falls. The new installation gives a vivid and spectacular new look to the Falls, which can be illuminated in fifteen different colours.

BRITAIN'S LARGEST CONCRETE DOME

At Wimbledon, the new covered courts of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club are roofed by the largest concrete dome in Britain. It has a span of 175 ft. and covers an area of more than 15,000 sq. ft. The dome is supported on columns at each of the four corners of the building, thus allowing an unobstructed playing area large enough for two courts, as seen in the picture *above*. *On right* is a general view of the exterior of the building. As the courts are intended primarily for practice and coaching, there are two balconies along two of the walls for selectors and officials. Sliding doors form the other two walls. Natural lighting for the building is provided by a large central roof light, 14 ft. in diameter, and surrounded by 200 smaller lights; there are also windows on all four sides of the building. Three stage artificial lighting is provided to allow play at night or when there is insufficient normal light. The contractors for the building were W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., in conjunction with Formcrete Ltd., and the consulting engineers were C. J. Pell and Partners.

SCOTLAND'S FISHING GROUNDS

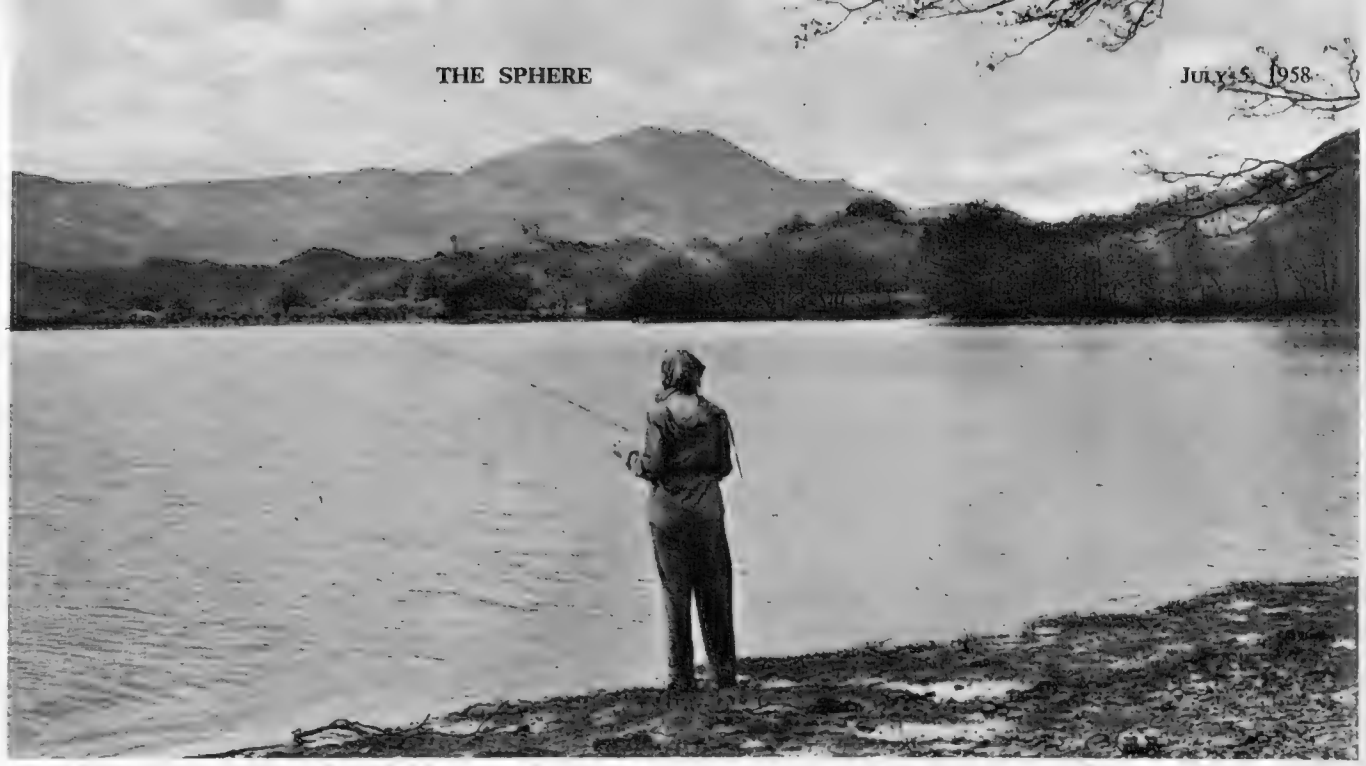
Some of the Finest Fishing in Britain is to be Found Over the Border

Scotland is a land of mountains, lochs and rivers. In many parts of the Highlands there is nearly as much water as land—water which is an angler's paradise, stocked with sporting fish of many varieties. Big trout are caught, year after year, in the moor lochs and wherever rivers run, sea trout and salmon are there for the taking. Whether the fishing waters are controlled by angling associations or privately, good sport can always be found. The post-war interest in angling has greatly increased the popularity of northern waters, and facilities are more than adequate for those who wish to enjoy and combine both coarse fishing and sea-fishing.

Anglers journeying to Scotland will find numerous delightful places where they can relax by uncrowded stretches of rivers and lochs. Among the more popular places are Galloway, with its Solway rivers and quiet hill lochs ; Tweeddale, where the great river and its tributaries give good holiday sport; Perthshire, with its wealth of lochs; and Strathspey, the holiday valley beyond the Drumochter Pass. Inverness-shire, Argyll, Ross and Sutherland are others on the long list of places where conditions are ideal. In fact, it would be true to say that almost any county in Scotland gives excellent fishing.

Of all these areas, perhaps Shetland is the most rewarding. Until the advent of air transport the islands were too remote for anglers to reach in large numbers. Now, however, they can be quickly and comfortably reached. For the sea-trout angler, Shetland is a " must "; for the novice it is a beginner's paradise for brown trout.

Scotland is rich in facilities for sea-fishing. All along her sea coast are villages which were built because of the harvests which could be taken from her inshore fishing banks. The fish are still there in large numbers.



A FAVOURITE TROUT WATER : Loch Vennachar, where trout live in great numbers, is always popular with summer visitors. There are several centres where beginners are taught the art of angling by experts. The great potentialities which Scotland offers as a fishing centre have been summed up by Lord Strathclyde, Minister of State for Scotland, when he said : " There is no doubt that some of the finest fishing in all Britain is to be found in Scotland. There are areas like the Shetlands and the Orkneys where lochs are simply teeming with fish, and once this is more widely known there is likely to be a great invasion of these parts."

SCOTLAND'S BEAUTY AT ITS BEST : A holidaymaker stands in mid-stream while angling for trout. It is along such stretches of the Arran that some of Scotland's loveliest scenery can be found.

SATISFYING CATCH : Tailing a fish is often a surer method than gaffing or netting. The angler is wearing a practical fishing outfit—three-quarter-length waterproofed coat, with deep pockets, and knee-length waders.

OLD AND NEW METHODS : A large trout is safely netted by a woman angler in a Scottish river. *On left*— Haaf-netters wade almost waist-deep in the Nith at Glencaple, near Dumfries. This ancient method of salmon fishing, introduced to Britain by the Vikings, is still carried on by the shores of the Solway Firth. Although there are many attractive ways of spending a holiday in the Scottish Highlands, angling is still by far the most popular.

SILVER AND OLD MASTERS

Sales in London of Silverware from Chatsworth and Paintings from the Cook Collection

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: Taking a last look at some of the silver being sold at Christie's to help pay the death duties on the estate of the tenth Duke is the present Duke. The fifty-eight lots from Chatsworth drew a large crowd of buyers and realised £36,628. Beginning with some flamboyant early nineteenth-century silver by Paul Storr and Robert Garrard, the sale proceeded by way of the eighteenth century to silver from the reigns of Charles II and William III. A Louis XIV silver-gilt toilet service, with a total weight of 581 ozs. 5 dwt., went for £7,000. Although unmarked, it is very similar to the Lennoxlove service sold in 1954 and now in Edinburgh, and by some accounts as fine. However, it is not as complete as the Lennoxlove service and fetched £10,000 less. Two dozen William III dinner plates of 1701 were sold for £1,500—they were possibly perquisites of the office of Lord Steward of the Household, a post which was held by the first Duke.

UP FOR SALE: A William III silver-gilt ewer and dish is inspected before it is sold at Christie's, in London. It is the work of Pierre Harache, dates from 1697, and is engraved with the arms of the first Duke of Devonshire. It realised £5,500 during the sale of silverware from Chatsworth.

On right—

THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS: An interested buyer examines in detail a large, ornate, many-branched candlestick in the sale at Christie's.

DISCUSSING THE SILVER: On show during the sale are some of the lots of silver from Chatsworth. Among the many pieces sold were soup tureens, candlesticks and chafing dishes.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SILVER: In this picture can be seen some of the magnificent objects from Chatsworth. Also from Chatsworth, furniture, and works of art, twenty-four paintings and important books were sold on the following days.

THE SALE OF PAINTINGS FROM THE COOK COLLECTION AT SOTHEBY'S, IN LONDON: Up for auction is Lot 6, "The Madonna and Child in a Landscape," by Andrea Brescianino. The picture went for £200. The surprise of the sale, which realised £64,668, was a small picture by Caspar Netscher of a lady at her toilet, which made £6,500. The collection was one of the largest Victorian accumulations of old masters. Since 1940 the more important items from the collection housed at Doughty House, Richmond, have been sold privately. Auctioned at Sotheby's were all the remaining pictures assembled by Sir Francis Cook, except for a small group which the Trustees have decided to retain indefinitely. Among those sold were paintings by Van Dyck and Hogarth.

The World of Books

A GRACEFUL INNINGS

I. A. R. Peebles' Book on Cricket; Least-known Heroes of the War; The Story of the Albany; A Priest-Architect; More Humour from Alan Hackney

ALTHOUGH perfectly aware that there *are* more important matters to discuss than cricket, I would, nevertheless, like to start this week's page with a review of a book which discusses nothing else: Mr. Ian Peebles' BATTER'S CASTLE (Souvenir Press. 16s.). I. A. R. Peebles has played for Oxford, for Middlesex and for England. He has been a prodigious bowler, one of that band of googly merchants, and he has been, and is, cricket correspondent for one of the most distinguished of daily newspapers. His authority on the subject is therefore unquestioned but, from the point of view of the reader, he has another quality which is just as attractive. Mr. Peebles knows how to write as easily, as gracefully and with as much wit as the *raconteur* which some of us know him to be.

When he calls his book " a ramble round the realm of cricket " he has chosen his words well, for these chapters of reminiscence are deliberately rambling and the continuity is by no means the first consideration. Mr. Peebles writes about cricket in Australia, cricket near Glasgow, club cricket and Test matches, of personalities, weights, speeds, techniques (some of them highly unconventional) and records. He has given us a good-tempered, knowledgeable book which I am already planning to give as a birthday present in one or two deserving quarters.

Mr. Bill Strutton and Mr. Michael Pearson have written one of the least-known but most gallant stories of the war in THE SECRET INVADERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.). It describes the inception and organising of a secret force called COPP—Combined Operations Pilotage Parties. The idea was that of Lieut.-Commander (now Captain) Nigel Willmott, R.N., who holds the D.S.O. and the D.S.C. and bar and is at present on the naval staff in the Admiralty. He planned a tiny group of canoe-borne swimmers to act as " recce " parties before invasions or landings and first proved the efficacy of his plan in 1941 when he swam ashore on enemy-held Rhodes.

With expansion, this force became the eyes and ears of the Allied landings, swimming ashore noiselessly under the guns, examining the shoreline, taking back samples of sand for the " boffins," measuring the gradients and being of incalculable help before they swam back to the submarines that had brought them. Sometimes these *rendezvous* were missed and there is a record of a couple who successfully made an eighty-mile canoe journey from Sicily to Malta. Others were less lucky and it is known that some, when they missed their submarines, deliberately swam out to sea to die there and preserve their secret. Lord Mountbatten writes in his foreword that he developed " a deep admiration for their particular form of courage 'in cold blood.'" It is impossible to read this book without feeling the same thing very strongly, and very gratefully.

A few yards from one of the busiest streets in London is a wide courtyard flanked on opposite sides by demure two-storeyed buildings and completed, on the north side, by a formal and dignified Georgian mansion. This is Albany, built in the eighteenth century by Lady Melbourne as a town house, later, as York House, a Royal residence for a few years and then divided into apartments, with new buildings erected in the garden on its far side, to emerge as Albany as we know it to-day. It is a century and a half since the Trustees and Proprietors of Albany devised it " for the casual residence of the nobility and gentry, who had no settled town residence " and since then such amenities as main water, gas and electricity have been added (not always without protest), but Albany is in appearance very much what it was at that time.

A history of Albany has now been written by Lady Birkenhead. In PEACE IN PICCADILLY (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), she has traced its beginnings, described its transformation and shown its particular character through her portraits of some of its most famous inhabitants chosen, not unnaturally, from those in whom the author felt most interested and especially from those to whom their stay in Albany had some especial significance. It was in Albany, for instance, that Byron decided on his calamitous marriage and Macaulay wrote his *History of England*, Gladstone laid many political plans and Mrs. Bulwer screamed her jealous rage of her husband. Lady Birkenhead has brought a natural grace of expression to this very entertaining record, her research has been meticulously done and, best of all, she has almost magically evoked the people for whose portraits Albany was the elegant frame.

THE HERMIT OF CAT ISLAND (Burns Oates. 21s.) is the biography, by Mr. Peter F. Anson, of Father Jerome, a Franciscan who was inspired by the solitary ideal and who chose to live as a hermit on one of the lesser Bahaman islands until the ecclesiastical authorities felt that his talents were being wasted and directed him into a more active life. These talents were exceptional and included a successful grasp of architectural design. During his missionary time in Australia, Father Jerome, between 1915 and 1939, designed convents, churches, chapels, monasteries and cathedrals, the greater number of which were built and dedicated. His career, though its details have not yet been widely known, should be of great interest to his fellow Roman Catholics.

To the really embattled feminists it has long been a matter of frustration, not to say exasperation, that in the woman's spheres of cooking and clothes-making, the greatest exponents should have been men. I know that

VIA DOLOROSA: The present " Way of the Cross " in Jerusalem is medieval in aspect. In right background is the Chapel of the fifth Station (Simon of Cyrene helps to carry the Cross). The picture is reproduced from *Jerusalem* by Michel Join-Lambert (Elek Books. 30s.), the first in a new series *Ancient Cities and Temples*. With a profusion of excellent illustrations the author relates the history of Jerusalem to the end of the thirteenth century when it was finally conquered by Islam.

there have been exceptions and that one of them, in the latter category, is Mademoiselle Chanel, but by and large, such is the situation. KINGS OF FASHION (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) illustrates this fact quite ably and consists of a history of the last 150 years of fashion, seen from the angle of the dictator—as it might be Worth in his day or Dior in his—and the women who through beauty or wealth or taste could best wear the clothes to the designers' satisfaction. Parenthetically I would like to add that anyone less cast in the mould of a dictator th... Christian Dior would have been difficult to find: it w... his acknowledged mastery of *haute couture* that plac... him, willy-nilly, in that bracket.

Although one might not have put that group o... countries high among the fashion-conscious, this boo... of Anny Latour's has been translated from the Germ... impeccably by Mr. Mervyn Savill. There are plenty ... anecdotes, some funny and all revealing.

When a naturally funny writer turns up in our countr... or anybody else's, he should be hailed, congratulated an... above all, read. Such is Mr. Alan Hackney, who wro... *Private's Progress* and has now written PRIVATE LIF... (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.). His first book took, I believe th... phrase is, the mickey out of the Army. The secon... performs the same service for industry as it relates t... management, trade unionism, shop stewards and all tho... workers with a highly-developed sense of their rights an... a trancelike disregard for everybody else's. Mr. Hackney... hero, though the word fits him a trifle loosely, is that sam... Stanley Windrush who survived his experiences as a... soldier, is now down from Oxford with a mediocre degre... and thinks that it might be a good thing to get a job... Object: remuneration and peace of mind.

His adventures are very funny indeed and one's onl... complaint is that the story is all over much too soon.

BONFIRE (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is not as amusing... in fact amusement is scarcely the object of its author, Mr... Nicolette Devas, who has written about a family wi... young children and the golden-haired, more than a lit... sinister mistress whom the father takes. Mrs. Devas h... a gift for the pin-pointing of a character by a phrase... a line of conversation and she has written a novel whic... in one sense at least, is distinguished. It is also rath... horrifying.

The next novel has courage as its theme although t... emphasis on that heroic quality is never stressed. M... Glendon Swarthout has written, in THEY CAME T... CORDURA (Heinemann. 15s.), about the expediti... which lasted for eleven months through 1916 and 191... against the revolutionary Villa, which was ordered by th... President, Woodrow Wilson, commanded by Gener... Pershing, and which proved to be one of the most gruellin... bitter and finally decisive campaigns fought until then b... the U.S. Army. Villa was never caught, but his force... were finally dispersed and the American forces withdraw... Except for these names most of the characters are imagina... but they reflect the types of fighters engaged in the lon... intolerably difficult campaign. Most important of all... Mr. Swarthout's splendid capacity for telling a story.

Of the American novels in this week's batch, the secon... is Miss Edna Ferber's story of Alaska in the days of ... growth and its present expansion. ICE PALACE (Go... lancz. 16s.) is not dedicated in any written foreword to ... people, or to an idea, but the whole feeling of the boo... seems to have that intention: a serious and thoughtf... appraisal of Alaska's short history, written with M... Ferber's familiar vitality and expressed deliberately i... terms of fiction. Since that is her chosen medium and on... in which Miss Ferber has been for many years so ou... standing, it was probably by far the best choice for co... veying the message that is intended: that Alaska has ... own natural strength, through its physical and miner... resources as well as through the strength of the peop... who have gone to live there, and that Alaska has so f... not been granted its proper place in the United State... economy or statehood. Powerful, slightly overwhelmin... but never dull.

Vernon Fane

THE QUEEN'S ENGAGEMENTS

The biographer of a sovereign has no better friend than a Royal diary. Some of our monarchs have been among the most faithful and punctual of writers. If their private diaries are somewhat lacking in colour and ideas, they are absolutely reliable for dates and the weather.

For PALACE DIARY, by Brigadier Stanley Clark (Harrap. 21s.), the claim is made that it is a unique book. I recall glancing through many like it, however, written by ladies of dependable quality with some authority from the Court. They are written with a hushed reverence usually assumed " correct," which invests even a daily visit to the Royal nursery or a kind word to an old woman with an aura of divinity. But I award the author two " Oscars "; for " unique " *naïveté*, and for an expertise in millinery and layettes not surpassed by women competitors.

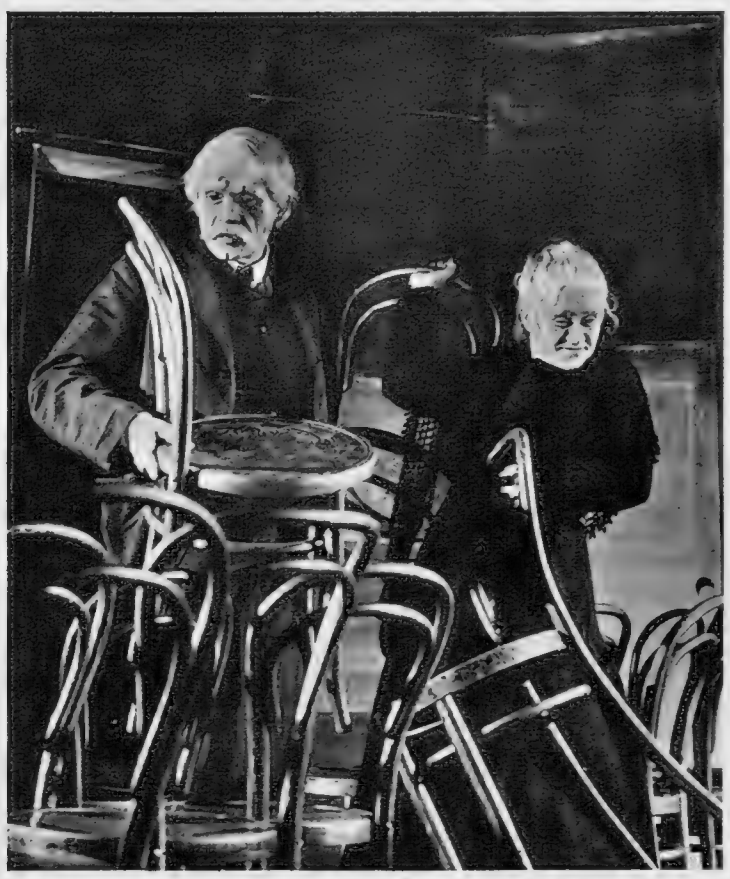
All diaries need shrewd selection. An engagement diary, to be the basis of a readable book, needs it *in excelsis*. Since 1947 the Queen has carried out 4,000 engagements, not to speak of many unscheduled " spontaneous gestures." The Brigadier has done his best to notice the lot. A brief quotation points my argument:

By 10.30 next morning, June 3, the Queen was in the garden of the Palace presenting Coronation medals . . . an hour later she invested Sir David Maxwell Fyfe with the insignia of Knight Grand Cross, Royal Victorian Order, and *five minutes later* bestowed a knighthood on the Rt. Hon. Dav... Eccles. . . . (Italics mine, and " sad stuff ! ")

Again, after recording the initiation of new-style priva... luncheon parties " designed to bring Her Majesty int... touch with every aspect of British life," two " sample ... lists are given which include " Sir Oliver Franks, *... banker* "; and the Chairman of the N.C.B., " *once ... miner at the coal face.*" But whether or no the Quee... and Prince Philip really approve such P.R.O. public... tions, their success is usually assured. Seaside libra... copies will break their spines untimely, and the snee... of a few rude young men will not affect the widely-he... view that the book is written in exactly the right st... and tells its readers precisely what they like to know.

THE INTERVENING YEARS

A parallel of a sort may be drawn between the Churchills and the Cecils. After the deaths of the great Cecils of the Tudor age, not much was heard of the family in public life until the emergence of the Victorian Premier. It was not very different with the Churchills in the years which intervened between the great Duke's death and the rise of Lord Randolph. Sarah, of course, continued to hold the headlines and the owners of Blenheim continued to furnish news for the social columnists of their days. In THE LATER CHURCHILLS (Macmillan. 35s.) Mr. Rowse has



A DOUBLE BILL OF IONESCO PLAYS AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: Shedding seventy years during the interval, Miss Joan Plowright gives a notable and versatile performance as the young, pert pupil in *The Lesson* (*above left*), and as the decrepit old woman in *The Chairs* (*right*). In the scene from *The Lesson* she listens to the maid (Phyllis Morris) expostulate with the lubricious old professor (Edgar Wreford). George Devine, as her almost equally aged husband, plays the other main role in *The Chairs*. In their joint hallucination the couple (right) arrange the chairs for the imaginary guests who are coming to hear the Orator (Jeremy Kemp) expound the message of the old man to the world. Often hilariously funny, and sometimes touchingly relevant to human experience, Ionesco's surrealistic play is much enhanced by the element of grotesquerie that Joan Plowright adds to her portrait of old age. The theme of the play which makes up the other half of the bill—*The Lesson*—concerns the illogical exasperation of one character with the other. Liable to bursts of uncontrolled enthusiasm for his subject, the professor endeavours to instruct his pupil in mathematics and philology. In the end he is so overwhelmed by her inattentiveness through toothache that he kills her. The grisly but amusing story is embellished with improbable felicities of language and invention. Both plays are directed by Tony Richardson.

A POLITICAL PLAY ABOUT IDEALISM: A beautiful Communist spy, Anna Dasousa, played by Heather Chasen, looks mockingly at Lord Templeton, played by William Russell, in this scene from *Templeton*. at the Arts Theatre, in London. The hero has been chosen as a representative to the United Nations. Flashbacks reveal that he acted as a Communist agent during the war. Offered the pretext of retirement through ill-health, he chooses instead to stand trial for treason.

"TEMPLETON": In this scene from the play by Anthony Lock, the characters are, from left to right, Anna Dasousa (Heather Chasen), Major Ian Macallister (Noel Coleman), Captain Tim Bayliss (Aubrey Woods), Peter Kuhn (John G. Heller), Alwynne Tanner (Avril Leslie), Anthony Brook (Oliver Burt), and Luther Bateman (Paul Garner).

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON AND ORFORD

written a most lively account of these Churchills in the ast two centuries. They followed the pattern of their imes, as spendthrifts, as Lady Catherine de Bourghs, is Victorian pietists; they glorified and spoiled Blenheim. They kept in the news socially, sometimes by heir absurdities. Unlike the Cecils, who renewed themselves with sound north English blood, the Churchills went for that purpose to the New World, and with startling success. It follows that at least half this family history of two centuries is devoted to men of our time, Lord Randolph and his son. And since the son has nimitably and definitively done the job for his father and for himself, Mr. Rowse needed no more than a brilliant précis to assure the interest of half his book. He is to be greatly praised for what he made of the ean years. Oddly enough, the man most roughly andled in the book bore the less aristocratic name of mith. Mr. W. H. Smith, who helped to bring Lord Randolph down, made an excellent Leader of the House. He was often roughly handled ; snubbed by Queen Victoria over the *Bacchante* voyage, guyed by Gilbert in *Pinafore*, and inexcusably insulted by Lord Randolph. Mr. Rowse puts the lid on it with: "He received his reward. The family of Smith was ennobled and, a more select accolade, *inter-married with the Cecils*. Had not the great Lord Burghley said: 'What gentility but ancient riches?'" With respect to Mr. Rowse, except for the first ten words, the whole quotation is below the standard of an historian of repute.

John Gore.

A MUSICAL MYSTERY PLAY BY BENJAMIN BRITTEN: *Noye's Fludde*, one of the plays of the Chester cycle of medieval mysteries, set to music by Benjamin Britten, is performed for the first time at Orford Church, near Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. *On left*—In this view some of the many children taking part stand in the Ark. Owen Brannigan, who sings the part of Noah, is in the foreground, right. *On right*—The children in the Ark raise their hands to the sky. *Noye's Fludde* was given as part of the Aldeburgh Festival. In the setting of the often naïve miracle play, Benjamin Britten has once again returned to the use of the children's voices. A handful of professional musicians, singers and players augment the children. Strings, recorders, bugles, percussion, handbells and the organ are used for the musical accompaniment. The composer has managed many strokes of originality, notably the incorporation of the hymn, "Eternal Father strong to save," by Dykes. Full advantage was taken by the producer, Colin Graham, of performing in a church. The Voice of God boomed from behind the audience; all creation advanced two by two down the aisle to enter the ark built before the eyes of the audience. Moving simplicity wss the keynote of the whole work.

CONTINUED BAD LUCK: Stirling Moss in a works-prepared Aston Martin drifts round a corner on the famous circuit at Le Mans. The misfortunes which have dogged Aston Martins at Le Mans continued this year. After leading the 24-hour race for the first two hours, Stirling Moss was forced to retire. During the night the other works Astons also retired, but the veteran DB3S Aston of the Whitehead brothers gained a worthy second place.

IN A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR: The American driver Jay Chamberlain is carried to an ambulance after he had crashed in his Lotus. This year's 24-hour race at Le Mans, in France, was run in appalling conditions, with thunderstorms, rain and bad visibility during the night. Throughout, Phil Hill in the leading Ferrari drove superbly and, with his co-driver Oliver Gendebien, eventually won the race. At the start of the race, Stirling Moss jumped into the lead, which he held for two hours. He was forced to retire just before the circuit was obliterated by a curtain of rain. Cars spun all over the road on the slippery surface. During the night Hamilton's Jaguar pursued the leading Ferrari. As Hamilton attempted to catch the Ferrari, a storm took him by surprise and he crashed.

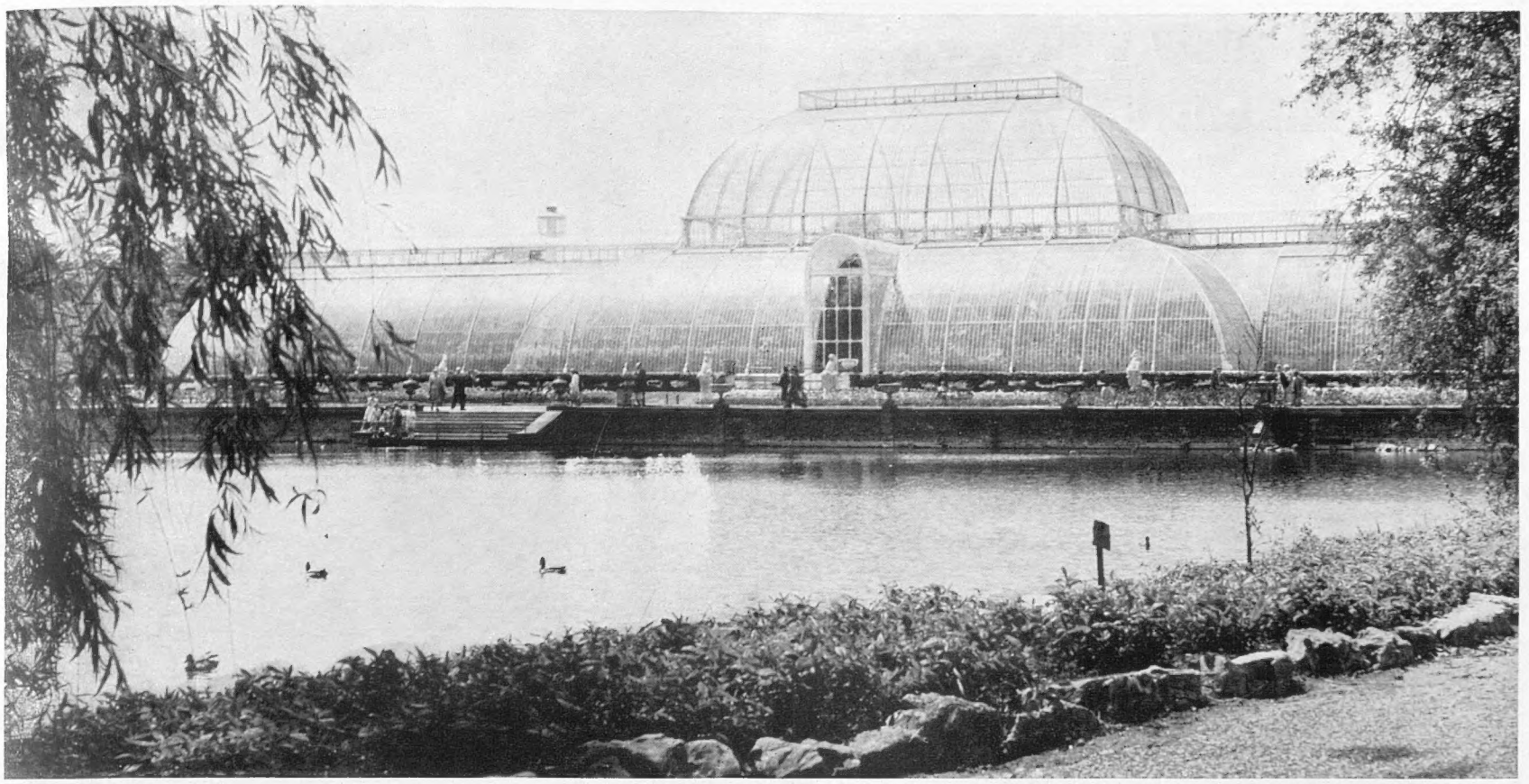
RACING IN RAIN AND DARKNESS

Italian Cars Win the 24-hour Race at Le Mans and the Mille Miglia in Italy

INVOLVED IN A FATAL ACCIDENT: At Tertre Rouge, at Le Mans, flames lick round the Ferrari driven by Bruce Kessler. The car was involved in a collision with a Jaguar driven by Jean Mary, the pseudonym for a well-known French driver, M. Brousselet, who was killed outright. Poor conditions at dusk were made worse by the pouring rain. *On left*—Oliver Gendebien in the winning Ferrari passes the remains of Mary's Jaguar. The race this year was limited to 3 litres for the largest class. Speeds in the worst conditions experienced at Le Mans never approached the record. Italian domination of the race was completed when the Osca driven by de Tomaso and the British driver Colin Davis won the Index of performance. Only twenty cars finished the race out of fifty-eight.

AFTER THE CRASH: Only two miles after starting out from Brescia in this year's Mille Miglia, the Alfa Romeo Giulietta of Claudio Mora and Guido Zerneri hit a telegraph pole on a double bend. The two drivers were killed. After the accident last year in which the Marquis de Portago crashed into the crowd, killing twelve people, the Mille Miglia was changed from the traditional unlimited sports car race into a regularity test over the 1,000-mile route round Italy.

THE WINNER OF THE MILLE MIGLIA: Luigi Taramazzo, of Italy, crosses the finishing line in his 3,000-c.c. Ferrari. The first four cars in the race were all Ferraris. Cars taking part were required to maintain speeds between 30 and 40 m.p.h., except on eight short stretches where speeds were timed. The regulations also excluded racing sports cars, in an attempt to make the race safer over the notoriously difficult and dangerous course.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDING OF GLASS IN ITS RENOVATED FORM: The view is of the famous Palm House in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, on the River Thames, near London, with the lake in the foreground. In front of the building the Queen's Beasts, which lined the entrance to Westminster Abbey during the Coronation, have been erected. In 1952 the Palm House, which had been built over a hundred years before to the designs of Decimus Burton, was found to be unsafe. The iron framework was shifting and there was danger from falling glass. The renovation has now been completed, but it will be some months before the collection of palms for which it is world renowned has been replaced inside and the exhibition again open to the public. Next year the Royal Botanic Gardens, now of 300 acres, celebrate the bicentenary of their foundation in nine acres of the grounds of Kew House.

PALM HOUSE AT KEW RESTORED

Preparing the Famous Glass Building for Eventual Reopening to the Public

PART OF A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF PALMS: From a circular staircase botanical students tend plants brought back to the renovated Palm House, which will contain nearly every known variety of palm.

DAMPING DOWN THE GRATINGS: An attendant at Kew directs a hose-pipe so that the water will maintain the atmosphere necessary for the culture of the palms.

PREPARING THE PALM HOUSE FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITION: *Above*—With a palm from India in the background students work at potting. *On right*—A foreman watches a student on a ladder attend to climbers.

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NEARING THE END OF THE JOB: Caulkers weatherproof the deck planking of a fishing boat, after it has been launched at the yard of George Thomson and Son in Buckie, Banffshire. It is a conventional dual-purpose craft for herring and seine-net fishing.

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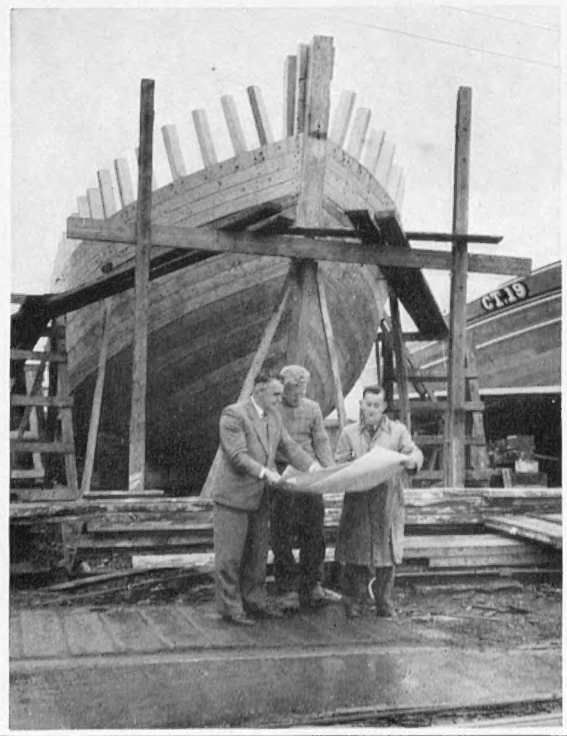
IN THE SHIPBUILDING YARD: Inside the skeleton of ribs of a boat for a Grimsby fisherman, workmen are engaged on the skilled job of building a wooden vessel.

PREPARING THE HULL: Nail and bolt holes are filled in so that a smooth coat of paint can be applied to the finished surface. This vessel is destined for Hull.



MAKING FISHING BOATS

A Busy Yard in North-East Scotland

The shipbuilding firm of George Thomson and Son at Buckie is one of the busiest yards in North-East Scotland. Fifty boats have been launched since 1946, when the *North Star*, built for a local man, started the present boom. Before then the firm was no more than a little office-cum-store in a small yard, with an empty order-book. To-day no sooner is one ship launched than the keel of the next is laid. Specialising in wooden vessels, the firm builds anything from a 15-ft. dinghy to a large wooden catamaran floating-dock, ordered by the Admiralty. For the Government, specially-designed launches, their wooden hulls sheathed in copper, were built for service in Eastern waters.

The craft which have made the name of this firm are the Danish type of fishing boats which it pioneered in this country. Many Danes have settled in, and are fishing from, British ports like Hull, Fleetwood and Grimsby. Some of them were brought over to skipper the vessels belonging to large fishing concerns. Although the firm has only recently achieved a large amount of success, there has been a Thomson building boats in Buckie since 1880. In 1938 the yard was closed as a result of the depression. George Thomson went to work at a larger shipyard and his son William helped to build boats in various parts of Britain. During the war they gained the experience and new ideas which have led to their present success.

On left—

READY FOR LAUNCHING: The *Manx Maid*, bound for the Isle of Man, stands ready on the slipway. Mr. William Thomson discusses plans with two of his men for the next boat to be built at the yard.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE ON EARTH" was the heading we read on the prospectus for the Ardnamona Estate, Lough Eske, in Co. Donegal, and, incredible as it may sound, that is what we thought, too. Admittedly it was a perfect photogenic June morning as, turning down a small lane, we circuited Lough Eske. Then coming to lodge gates and a discreet board saying "Ardnamona Estate," we turned in. From there onwards no further directional post was needed, for we *scented* our way to the house through the most fabulous display of azaleas and rhododendrons we have ever seen. Their colouring and perfume was intoxicating, the more so because below was the deep blue water of the lough and in the background the changing colouring on the Blue Stack Mountains.

We stepped into a Georgian-type country house, bathed in sunshine and furnished in the most perfect taste, where we found bedrooms with private bathrooms, a library left exactly as the late Sir Arthur Wallace had it, a discreet cocktail bar, a sun lounge and games room. That night we slept on supremely comfortable beds. We ate meals, perfectly cooked and presented, and later we set out on a preliminary tour of exploration of these 500 acres of beauty. Palm trees and exotic plants, stately specimen trees, all rose in our path. Through lush meadows we reached the lough, which for fishermen guests spells "Paradise" (the Estate has the sole fishing rights of Lough Eske, reputed to be one of the best in Ireland). For the rest you must send for the prospectus.

Of course there are plenty of other places that could be considered as claimants for the most beautiful place on earth. In our recent month's tour of Ireland we could tell of many unexpected finds where we were fascinated with the scenery and the colourings either from our hotel windows or in the immediate surrounds.

Travelling the whole of the Irish coastline anti-clockwise from Larne back to Belfast, scenery began as we motored up the Antrim Coast road. For beauty of decor, Ballygally Castle Hotel, about four miles north of Larne, struck us as a perfect example.

Later we came to the wild, rugged coastline of Co. Donegal, where is situated one of Ireland's finest hotels, Rosapenna. For wild beauty, changing lights on lough, moorland and mountains, the surrounds of Rosapenna would be hard to beat. Always, we shall remember that nine-mile Atlantic drive from the hotel door. We encompassed it three times in one day and only met three cars; but of the sporting, recreational and gastronomic attractions of this unique hotel we hope to have more to say in another article.

Touring Connemara we came one day, shortly after lunch, to Cashel Bay, and so simultaneously were we attracted with the charm of The Zetland Hotel and the fascinating view, especially from the dining-room, that we accepted with alacrity the only available room they had to offer us. That night, as we turned out the lights to go to sleep, we murmured that Guinness is very good *to* us, for it is that well-known firm of brewers who are the sponsors of this, one of Ireland's best fishing hotels.

The next day we lunched at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hodgson's charming guest-house hotel, Currarevagh, near Oughterard, on the shore of Lough Corrib. We knew the beauty of this place of old, and though showers on this visit tended to spoil the view, we were spoilt by the beauty of what the Hodgsons described as a scratch meal and why-on-earth-hadn't-we-warned-them-we-were-arriving!

The weather was still unkind as we came once again to Ashford Castle Hotel, that magnificent make-believe of medieval days. Though the beauty of the view from the terrace was obscured by mist, we found it at the dinner table, for at Ashford Castle there is pride in buying, preparation, cooking and presentation. We are often tempted to stay at hotels we know are good, rather than those we know nothing about, and therefore should have liked to have stayed at that always attractive hotel, Dunraven Arms, Adare, eleven miles south of Limerick, but we had to experiment elsewhere and were disappointed. Our previous advice, therefore, still remains good, and in the Limerick area the Dunraven Arms is a *must* if you are fortunate enough to get in.

Killarney town is by no means beautiful, but full marks indeed to the directorate of C.I.E. (a counterpart to our British Transport Commission in England) for the beauty of the new wing they have only recently opened at their Great Southern Hotel there. After an excellent *table d'hôte* lunch, Mr. L. Ryan, their hotels manager, wisely insisted that we went on a jaunting-car ride to appreciate the more the scenery. Beauteous indeed were the grounds of Muckross House, which we made our first objective. On the next day we were doubly intoxicated with beauty. First we lunched at another of the C.I.E. hotels—The Great Southern Hotel at Parknasilla—a wonderful holiday spot for those who look for the amenities of a first-class hotel with a certain plus quality and quantity which only Ireland can offer.

Then we moved to see old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waterhouse, who run that idyllic guest house, Tahilla Cove, which is now licensed and on the telephone. Here is a paradise for those who want to escape from the world and find beauty, bountiful fare and a sense of great comfort.

Finally, and we still have not reached the end of our story, we came to Ardnagashel House, 25 yards only from the shore of Bantry Bay. What a paradise and beauty spot for those who want to escape from either hotel or home life. Here the beauty of one's whole existence is the friendly charm of Ronald and Audrey Kaulback, the good food, the comprehensive wine list and the freedom from dressing up or routine. A colourful setting for a carefree Irish holiday. In short, another "most beautiful place on earth."

An Apology and Amendment

In the June 7 issue it was erroneously stated that The White Horse Hotel was on the Island of Herm. This should have read White House Hotel. We apologise to Mr. Peter Wood and our readers for this slip-up.

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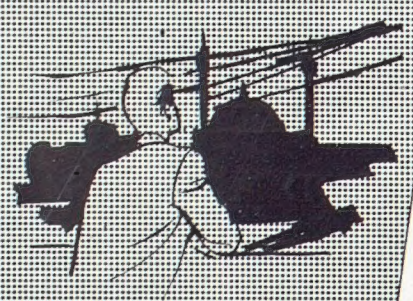

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